

# THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 15 Jan. 1964



London's  
Horses



## an inspiration

Here's to those inspired combinations (Mr., Mrs.) that give life such a lift. To the ones that excite soldiers (fife, drum), send chills down spines (cloak, dagger), and hypnotise nearly all of us (love, kisses). And here's to one you just enjoy (Cointreau, Rocks). How exquisite it is! Cointreau (warmth, ardour) on the Rocks (cool, sophisticated) . . . delicate harmony!



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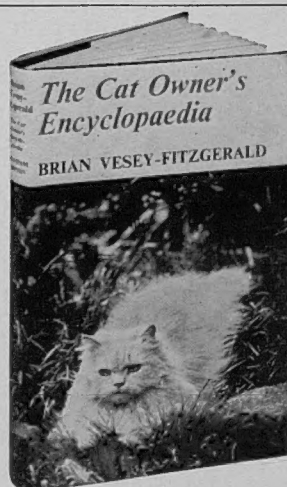
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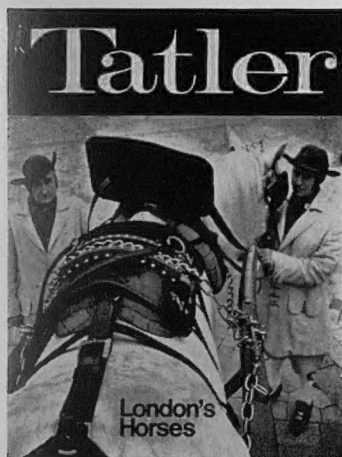
MICHAEL JOSEPH

# Tatler

AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 251 / NUMBER 3255

EDITOR  
JOHN OLIVER

GOING PLACES	106	In Britain
	108	Abroad: <i>by Doone Beal</i>
	109	To eat: <i>by John Baker White</i>
SOCIAL	111	Meet of the Dummer Beagles
	114	Muriel Bowen's column
	115	Peta Jane Foster's dance
	116	Liberal Party ball
	118	Lady Zinnia Melville's children's party
	119	Linlithgow & Stirlingshire Branch Pony Club ball
	119	Letter from Scotland
FEATURES	120	Magnate of the Don: <i>by Roger Lubbock</i>
	122	Farmer's night out: <i>photographs by Desmond O'Neill</i>
	123	Where have all the horses gone?: <i>photographs by Morris Newcombe</i>
COUNTERSPY	130	News Extras: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
FASHION	131	How thick is your skin?: <i>by Unity Barnes,</i> <i>photographs by John French Studios</i>
VERDICTS	139	On plays: <i>by Pat Wallace</i>
	140	On films: <i>by Elspeth Grant</i>
	141	On books: <i>by Siriol Hugh Jones</i>
	141	On records: <i>by Spike Hughes</i>
	142	On galleries: <i>by Robert Wraight</i>
	142	On opera: <i>by J. Roger Baker</i>
GOOD LOOKS	143	New waves: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
MAN'S WORLD	144	A tale of two cities: <i>by David Morton</i>
DINING IN	144	Be fair to swedes: <i>by Helen Burke</i>
MOTORING	145	Big battalions at Monte: <i>by Dudley Noble</i>
WEDDINGS & ENGAGEMENTS	146	



Whitbread drayhorse Pomp on the cover provides the first clue to the burning question *Where Have All the Horses gone?* You'll find the answer on page 123 in Morris Newcombe's further pictures. Pomp is seen with two of the company's draymen, Mr. J. Sanders and Mr. F. Rush in mid-18th century costume, the period at which the first Samuel Whitbread founded his brew-house in the City of London.

**IN NEXT WEEK'S TATLER:** A RADA Jubilee. The Royal Academy of Dramatic Art will celebrate its 50th anniversary with an adventurous American tour. Robert Wraight discusses present-day RADA, Romano Cagnoni's photographs give a progress report and also present a gallery of distinguished recent graduates

**Postage:** Inland, 4½d. Foreign, 6½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. **Subscription rates:** Great Britain and Eire: 52 issues plus Christmas number, £7 14s.; 26 issues plus Christmas number, £3 19s.; without Christmas number, £3 15s.; 13 issues (no extras), £1 18s. Canada: 52 issues plus Christmas number, £8 10s.; 26 issues plus Christmas number, £4 7s.; without Christmas number, £4 3s.; 13 issues (no extras), £2 1s. 6d. Elsewhere abroad: 52 issues plus Christmas number £8 10s.; 26 issues plus Christmas number, £4 7s.; without Christmas number, £4 3s.; 13 issues (no extras), £2 1s. 6d. U.S.A. (residents): 52 issues plus Christmas number, \$24.00; 26 issues plus Christmas number, \$13.00; without \$12.00; 13 issues (no extras), \$6.00. © 1964 Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., 13 John Adam Street, London, W.C.2 (TRAFALGAR 7020)





# GOING PLACES

## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**World Première of "Zulu"**, Plaza, 22 January, in aid of the Army Benevolent Fund, and the Benevolent Funds of the Regiments of Wales. (WHI 8944.)

**Winter Ball**, the Dorchester, 5 February. (Details, Miss Nancy Scott, PRO 2511.)

**The Mayor & Mayoress of Westminster's reception**, Savoy, 10 February.

**Canadian University Society of Great Britain dance** at Quaglino's, 11 February. (Details, Mr. Dixon, WHI 8831.)

**St. Valentine's Ball**, Guildhall, Cambridge, 14 February, in aid of the U.N. Children's Fund. (Double tickets, £3 3s., from Mr. D. Harriss, Christ's College.)

**Candlelight evening**, Hurlingham Club, with steel band and bistro food, 15 February.

**Wine and Food Society dinner**, Quaglino's, 18 February. (Details, Mr. H. Johnson, PAD 9042.)

**Hunt Balls: Cowdray**, Cowdray House, Midhurst, 17 January. **Hampshire Hunt**, Guildhall, Winchester, 24 January (Tickets from the Secretary, Hazelgrove, Fleet Rd., Crookham, Hants.). **Fernie**, 25 January. **N. Warwickshire**, Welcombe Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon; **S. Notts.**, R.A.F. Station, Newton, Notts., 31 January. **R.A. College Beagles**,

Bingham Hall, Cirencester, 5 February.

## IN SWITZERLAND

**St. Moritz**. Horse trials on snow, 16-19 January; British Army Ski Championships, 17, 21, 22 January; International horse racing on snow, 26 January (and 2 February); Curling, Suvretta House Cup, 26-27 January; British Inter-Service Ski Championships, 28, 29 January.

**Murren**. Inferno ski race, 19 January; International figure skating display, 19 January.

**Davos**. Tobogganing, Fluela Palace Challenge Cup, today.

**Grindelwald**. 6th Centenary Fortnight, to 26 January; Curling, Ladies Championships, Dintza Cup, 20, 21 and 24-26 January.

**Klosters**. Weekly horse-drawn sleigh rides, from today.

**Wengen**. Daily racing by the D.H.O. Club, 20 January-2 February.

**Gstaad**. Ski jumping, Montgomerie Cup, 26 January.

## RACE MEETINGS

**Steeplechasing: Lingfield** Park, 15, 16; Wincanton, 16; Newbury, 17, 18; Catterick Bridge, 18; Wolverhampton, 20; Plumpton, 22; Kempton Park, 24, 25 January.

## RUGBY

**England v. Wales**, Twickenham, 18 January.

**Scotland v. New Zealand**, Murrayfield, Edinburgh, 18 January.

## MUSICAL

**Royal Ballet**, Covent Garden. *La Bayadère*, *The Two Pigeons*, tonight, 17, 22 January; *Giselle*, 18, 23 January, 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066).

**Covent Garden Opera**. *Billy Budd*, 16, 20 January; *Tosca*, 21 January, 7.30 p.m.

**Royal Festival Hall**. London Mozart Players, cond. Blech, 8 p.m., tonight; Philharmonia, cond. Boehm, 8 p.m., 16 January; L.P.O., cond. Boult, 8 p.m., 17 January; L.P.O., cond. Malcolm, 8 p.m., 18 January; Edna Iles (piano), Chopin recital, 3 p.m., 19 January; Park Lane Ensemble, cond. Del Mar, 7.30 p.m., 19 January. (WAT 3191.)

**Lunchtime concert**, Bishopsgate Institute. Dumka Trio, 1.5-1.50 p.m., 21 January.

**Victoria & Albert Museum**. Melos Ensemble, 7.30 p.m., 19 January. (WEL 8418.)

## ART

**Goya & His Times**, R.A. Winter Exhibition, Burlington House, Piccadilly, to March.

**Goya etchings & lithographs**,

British Museum, to 29 Feb.

**Contemporary Scottish Painting**, Commonwealth Institute, to 2 February.

**Painting Towards Environment**, Bear Lane Gallery, Oxford, to 1 February.

**Irish ancient monuments** (photographs), the Building Centre, to 25 January.

## AUCTION SALES

**Sotheby's**. Jewels, 16 January; Chinese porcelain, 17 January; English and Continental glass, and French paperweights, 20 January; Chinese 18th-century porcelain and jades, 21 January, 11 a.m. (HYD 7242.)

## FIRST NIGHTS

**Duchess**. *The Reluctant Peer*, tonight.

**Vaudeville**. *The Roses are Real*, 22 January.

## HOLIDAY SHOWS

**Around the World in 80 Days**, Empire Pool, Wembley, to 14 March.

**Bertram Mills Circus**, Olympia, to 1 February.

**The Man in the Moon**, Palladium, to March.

**Black & White Minstrel Show**, Victoria Palace.

**Puss in Boots**, Theatre Royal, Windsor, to 1 February.

**International Ballet**, Royal Albert Hall, to 19 January.

**Gilbert & Sullivan**, Savoy, to March.

*Children's shows:*

**Peter Pan**, Scala, to 25 January.

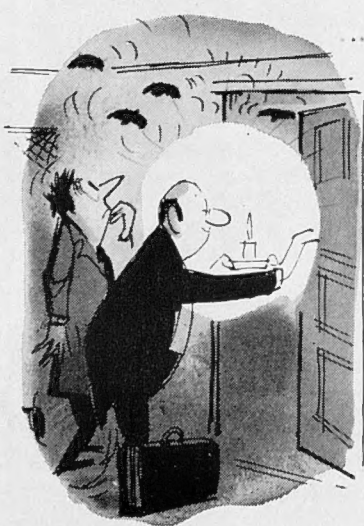
**Toad of Toad Hall**, Comedy, to 18 January.

**Treasure Island**, Mermaid, to 1 February.

**Billy Bunter Meets Magic**, Shaftesbury, to 18 January.

**Pinocchio**, Lyceum, to 18 January.

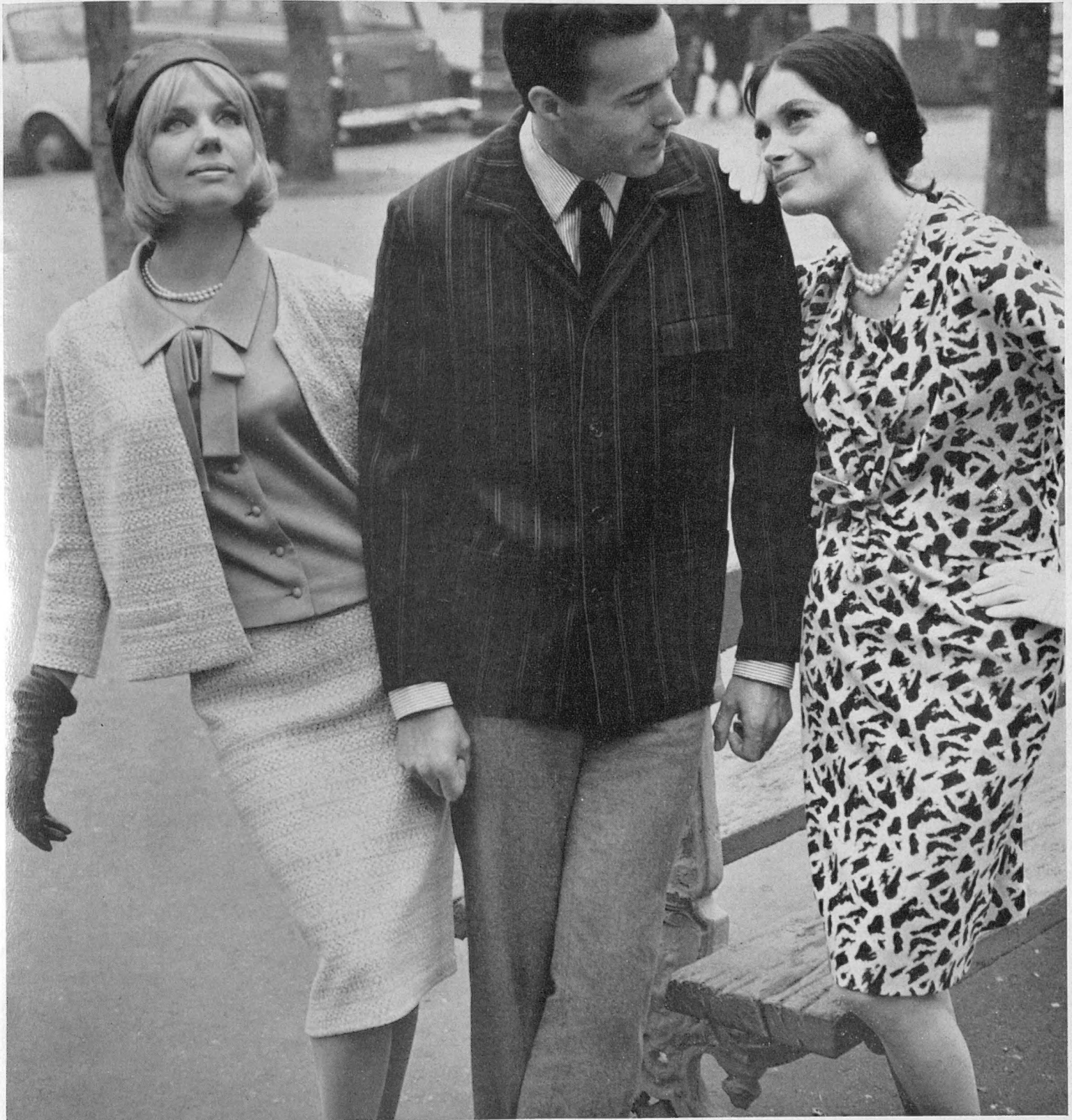
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# GOING PLACES

PLEASURES OF FEBRUARY

April may be the cruellest month from the poet's as well as the tax man's viewpoint, but February is surely the most difficult for which to plan a holiday if you are not heading west to the Caribbean, and you don't happen to ski. Yet it is a month in which any kind of exit from frozen drains, camphors and quinines cannot but give a lift to the heart, and so I propose to write of some of the places in which I have spent—and, which is more to the point, enjoyed—time during this unwelcome month.

Last year, I flew down to Gibraltar via Madrid. The 45-minute stopover at Madrid's airport was spent in piercing bright weather, cold air and hot sunshine. Gibraltar and Algeciras, 90 minutes later, were degrees warmer, but temporarily muggy: the brilliance had gone. Yet in a 10-day holiday in the south of Spain, there was just one dull day, and another when it snowed. The rest was glory. Not even the south escaped the cold which froze Europe last spring, and I was seldom without boots and an overcoat. But this was exceptional. In other years, I have sat outside a café in the evening, clad only in a light suit. However, one reward of the weather was the breathtaking sight of the fragile white stucco of the Alhambra under snow, its courtyard fountains almost frozen at source. Virgin white snow lay heavy on oranges so ripe that they were almost ready to drop from the trees. The almond blossom on the hills outside Seville was flowering pink, with light drifts

of snow powdering the chocolate soil at their roots. There could surely be no more beautiful time to see this, the southern inland country of Spain. The roads were empty, the hotels and inns ready and hospitable. It was nearly always possible to lunch outdoors.

Unlike Spain, Turkey is hardly, as yet, threatened by overcrowding, and so the argument for visiting it out of season is not so strong. I would go there for the other reason, that winter, especially in the south, is pleasant. Izmir (Smyrna, of fig-box fame) is its nearest claim to a winter resort. Being on the west coast, it faces the Aegean, but it is very Mediterranean in feeling, with a long, palm-lined promenade. Its pleasures and bearing are unsophisticated; its back street life is lively and colourful and it has at least a sheen of international gloss owing to its status as a NATO port. The new and beautifully decorated Kismet Hotel is a comfortable base from which to visit two of the great sites of Asia Minor: Pergamon, and the white marble ruins of Ephesus.

In the Balkans in general, and in Turkey in particular, one has perhaps a more vivid sense of travel than anywhere. The ten-hour journey by road from Izmir to Antalya is an adventure. On the "dolmus" system by which you pay only for the back seats of a taxi or hired car, the driver will stop on the way to lift whomever he pleases in the front. Everybody is very genial about it, and there is much handing of



# ABROAD

cologne, oranges and cigarettes. You stop where you can for a kebab and a glass of raki. And by the roadside, you still see a troupe of gipsies with two or three performing bears in tow. They wander from one village to another, to pick up a few coins entertaining the customers at a café, or to perform at a small-town fair. At sight of a car, the dark, ragged children run shrieking across the road to bring it to a standstill, then thrust their grubby little hands through the windows while the bears rear up and beat solemnly upon a tambourine.

The landscape varies from voluptuous olive, orange groves and vineyards to wild, scrub-grown mountain saddles. Antalya itself is one of nature's (and not, so far, man's) glories. Facing the Mediterranean and backed by high, snow-capped mountains, it can be really warm there even in winter, and sub-tropical flowers grow everywhere; it has a Shangri-La quality. The two-star Teras Hotel now supplements the friendly but exceedingly primitive Yayla Palace.

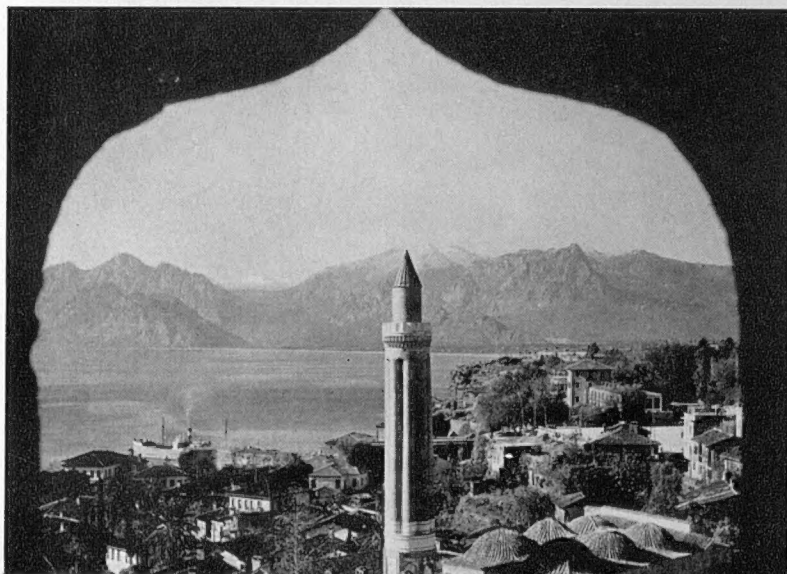
I flew north from the shirt-sleeved weather of Antalya to Istanbul, to find that city looking more like a wedding cake than ever, under a thick icing of snow. Whether due to genuine surprise at such conditions, or to mere incompetence on the part of the authorities I shall never know, but commu-

nications had been reduced almost to a standstill. I hope to revisit Turkey this year and see for myself how far the tourist drive has got; but I shall always remember it with a certain salty pleasure from the days when it was still rather raw at the edges.

The Monegasques are, among other things, realists. Princes of the resort trade for well over half-a-century, they back the romantic promises of a warm, early spring both ways, with golf (which is possible, for the dedicated, in almost any weather) on one of the best courses in Europe, at Mont Agel; opera, restaurants, balls (the Rose Ball this year is on 7 February), and the ageless Monte Carlo Casino, plus its cabaret and dancing. The enormous new swimming pool, hewn out of the rocks, is glassed-in and heated. The top-storey restaurant of the Hotel de Paris has a full-circle sweep of every view, with an open terrace and a roll-back roof. The shops are expensive—and wonderful. The Syndicat de Societé des Bains de Mer, who control the Hotel de Paris as well as the slightly cheaper Hermitage, make the entrance fee to the Casino, as well as to the two beaches, complimentary to their guests.

The flights: BEA to Gibraltar, for Algeciras and southern Spain, from £30 10s. Pan American operate one of the most convenient daily flights to Istanbul, with only two stops—Frankfurt, and either Munich, Vienna or Belgrade—*en route*: £118 6s. return. Economy. BEA and Air France fly to Nice, BEA direct, from £31 15s.

*Yiuli (grooved) minaret against a sea and mountain backdrop at Antalya*



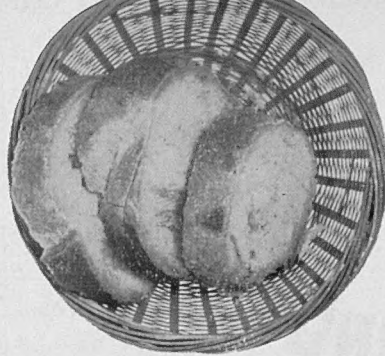
*Park with a sub-tropical ambience at Antalya*





JOHN BAKER WHITE

## GOING PLACES



## TO EAT

A VIEW OF THE TOWER

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays  
W.B. . . . Wise to book a table  
**Octave Room**, St. George's Hotel, Langham Place, W.1. (LAN 0111.) Open seven days a week, luncheon and dinner to 11.30 p.m. On the 14th floor of the newest Trust House, with a most interesting view over London, and a close-up of the new Post Office tower. Moreover, the tables are banked so that everyone can enjoy the view, which is especially lovely by night. From the *carte du jour* you can have three courses for 27s. 6d., e.g. *Jambon de Parme*, *Suprême de Volaille Marechale*, and a sweet or savoury. There are also special dishes each day—I ate and thoroughly enjoyed the *Suprême de Volaille Périgourdine*—in each case the price including two courses from the *carte du jour*, which, incidentally includes some 100 items. The wine list, of the provedly high Trust House quality, ranges from carafe wines at 15s. to château-bottled clarets of the highest repute at 55s. The restaurant is of notable elegance, there is a pleasant bar in which to consider your menu, and the service is most attentive. The restaurant manager is Mr. Renzo Susini, who was *maitre d'hotel* at the Astoria in Florence, and the *chef de cuisine* is M. Victor Carrara, who came via the post of *sous-chef* at the Mirabelle and head chef at Talk Of The Town. I shall report separately on the hotel itself. N.B. 10 per cent service charge.—W.B.

**Trader Vic's**, London Hilton, Park Lane. (HYD 8000.) Open luncheon and dinner, but dinner only on Sundays. In this restaurant, one of the well-known American Trader Vic group, they have the genuine wood-fired Chinese ovens. I mention this because they give meat a special and unique flavour, and here the meat is first-rate. Among the products they fly in from various parts of the world is Limestone Lettuce, which again is something special. I commend also the fried prawns, served with a piquant sauce. This is not only a gay and amusing restaurant in the evening, but a pleasant place as well for a business luncheon, as the tables are set well apart.—W.B.

## Brighton's top lobsters

I have not had the pleasure of meeting the chef at **Wheeler's Oyster Rooms** at 17, Market Street, Brighton (Tel. 20283), but I put him among the best producers of hot lobster dishes that I know anywhere. His Lobster Normand is a splendid dish, as is his Thermidor, and the fish he chooses always seem to be beautifully tender. He is also first-class at whitebait—and they are not an easy fish to cook. The atmosphere of this small and comfortable restaurant is conducive to the enjoyment of good food. The wine list is of high quality, but I commend the white "house" wine that I believe is known in the Wheeler group as "the rough." It is much better than that.—W.B.

## Motorway stop

Harsh experience on M.1 had made me suspicious of the catering on motorways, but I can write with pleasure of the **Top Rank** restaurant on M.2, the Medway Towns motorway.

Its decor in green, brown and orange is pleasant and practical, with counter stools for quick eaters, and tables, with a fine view away to the Isle of Grain, for those with more time. It is spotlessly clean, and the staff swift and courteous. There is a sensible menu of grills and light dishes, and they know how to make toast and a cup of tea. The butter is excellent. The German non-alcoholic wines are quite pleasant, and the 2 per cent Carlsberg beer certainly better than the chalky nastiness that comes out of Kent's taps. There is also a self-service cafeteria.

## Wine note

The attractively produced Cellar List of the Directors' Wine Club makes interesting reading, as do the monthly notes for members by Cyril Ray, chairman of its wine selection committee. The prices represent good value for money indeed. Just added to the list is a Premier Grand Cru of the Côte de Beaune, a French-

bottled 1959 Savigny-les-Beaune (Les Marconnets)—at 19s. 6d. per bottle. For keeping there is a 1959 Château Lynch-Moussas at 17s., or for present drinking a Muscadet at 10s. There is a Blanc de Blancs Champagne at 22s. 6d., and a sound claret at 7s. 9d. Membership (details from 37, New Bond Street) is open to directors of companies, business executives, and members of the Services and professions.

## ... and a reminder

**Don Luigi**, 33c King's Road, Chelsea. (SLO 3023.) *An attractive trattoria with good cooking at reasonable prices.*

**Beotys**, 79, St. Martins Lane. (TEM 8768.) *Greek, French and Italian cooking, and not expensive for good quality.*

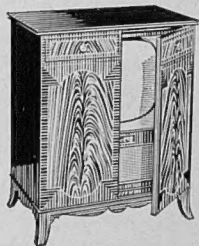
**La Bohème**, 65, King's Road, Chelsea. (SLO 3553.) *Intimate, elegant, with specialized international cooking and a wine list of notable quality.* "Confort Cossu."



Sir Harry Brittain, who was given a party in honour of his 90th birthday at La Récolte restaurant by his son, Group Captain Robert Brittain (retired). Sir Harry, who had a golf lesson on his birthday, was one of the first men to try skiing (in 1897), flew over London in a balloon (1906) and founded the Commonwealth Press Union in 1909.



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## The daring Dummer

The more hesitant might take time out to climb a fence sedately but your truly ardent beagler will hurl him or herself at any obstacle to make up vital seconds when the pack is racing a field and a half away. Claire Hellyer and Judith Cleland were among the many active spirits of the hardy Dummer Beagles who turned out in crisp weather for their first meet after the holiday season. The Dummer Beagles met at Maidenwell Manor, home of Mr. & Mrs. R. Swinburne-Johnson, at Broad Campden, Gloucestershire. More pictures by Desmond O'Neill overleaf





# The daring Dummer continued

- 1 Mr. G. G. Cragghill, one of the three joint-Masters
- 2 Mr. & Mrs. D. D. Cole
- 3 Mrs. Tim Unwin, Mrs. Alastair King (wife of the hon. secretary and treasurer of the Dummer Beagles) and Mr. R. Swinburne-Johnson who was host at the meet
- 4 Mr. Jeremy Nabarro, son of Sir Gerald Nabarro, M.P.
- 5 Mr. Anthony Swinburne-Johnson
- 6 Mr. & Mrs. R. Swinburne-Johnson, the hosts, outside their home, Maidenwell Manor
- 7 Brigadier and Mrs. R. B. Rathbone
- 8 Mr. Alastair King



1



5







# Beagles, Beatles & Burgundy by Muriel Bowen

Beagling, especially during the school holidays, engulfs all ages and both sexes. When the Dummer Beagles met at Mr. & Mrs. ROGER SWINBURNE-JOHNSON'S house at Broad Campden in the Cotswolds (see pictures on previous pages), the age group ranged widely from nine to 70-plus. "Do you do this regularly?" enquired BRIG. REGGIE RATHBONE. In fact it was only my third effort at beagling in 20 years and I told him so. "Well then," said the Brigadier expertly sizing up the situation. "afterwards I'd recommend a hot bath with plenty of bath salts and some mustard, and a half-bottle of Burgundy for dinner."

It was a day on which swimming pools were frozen over, icicles hung on the wall and the glass never rose above freezing. The port was welcome; it was quaffed vodka style, bottoms up. The joint-Masters of the Dummer Beagles are Mr. DICK MEYRICK, who drove to the meet with the hounds in a trailer behind his car, and Mr. GEOFFREY CRAGGHILL. Mr. Meyrick is Lord Sherborne's agent and Mr. Cragghill is a lecturer at the Cirencester Agricultural College.

After drawing over two fields, hounds set off like scalded cats up an enormous mound called Dover's Hill. "This is the

ideal sort of meet really," said Mr. DAVID COLE, a company director who was most appropriately shod in mountaineering boots. "When we get to the top of this hill we can watch hounds whichever way they go." Mrs. Cole, equally well shod—she wore laced hockey boots—agreed with her husband. A couple of obstacles and half-a-dozen fields later we came to a puffing halt at the top of the hill. "That's Worcester over there—and on a clear day you can see 25 miles." It was a long climb.

Hounds were hunting below us, as Mr. Cole had predicted. Most of us stood on the hill and watched. The spectators included Mrs. TIM UNWIN, Mrs. ALASTAIR KING, DR. K. A. BISSETT of Birmingham University and his family—all of them keen beaglers. Among a whole squad of young people were Mr. PIERS FORSTER, and Mr. JEREMY NABARRO (son of Sir Gerald) wearing a smart white fur hat.

"Nice to see so many of the young out," said Mrs. REGGIE RATHBONE. "There is such a danger of young men getting to be like the Beatles, playing pop records all day, and not wanting to walk anywhere." Does she beagle herself much? "Goodness me no! I'm only out today because the foxhounds aren't hunting."

## THE LAW IN RECESS

Hounds were off again, into the valley then up another hill. Miss SUSAN RYCROFT, MAJOR BEN GOUGH, and Mr. ANTHONY SWINBURNE-JOHNSON were in the van, crashing through the undergrowth and through the cuttings in a plantation. A wire fence on a slope caused some difficulty—and some laughter as certain pieces of clothing got attached to its barbed top. The going got faster. "Beagling is a wonderful antidote after the law," said Mr. PETER SHILETTO, a Cheltenham solicitor. Praise of beagling emerged on all sides between the puffs. "After a good Saturday I go to the office feeling a new man on Monday morning," confided Mr. ROGER SWINBURNE-JOHNSON.

Hounds swung back and for the first time I was up with the first flight. I talked to Mr. JOHN MORRISON, a Birmingham solicitor, who must have run 12 miles at this point. "I beagle two days a week, foxhunt two days a week—and work very hard all through the summer," he told me.

## FROST ON THE FURROW

In Gloucestershire again for a day with the V.W.H. (Bathurst) which next year amalgamates with the V.W.H. (Cricklade). Frost glistened on the upturned furrow above Coln Rogers. "It's hardly fit to hunt, but we're going to see what we can do," called out EARL BATHURST, who is joint-Master with BRIG. A. W. A.

LLEWELLEN PALMER. There was a field of about 50, three-quarters of them women, among whom were, Mrs. RICHARD CAROE, LADY LONGMAN and Mrs. P. P. BAGSHAW, a blonde who rides with style.

Mr. RUPERT WESTMACOTT, who is in his 70's and walks with the aid of an artificial limb, had this slung over his shoulder. "If I come off I need *two* 'legs' to catch my horse," he explained. Hard frost slowed the pace at which horses could travel, while increasing the vigour with which they could buck. A large man got jettisoned at high speed, his loose horse knocking down another horse and rider.

## REUNION OF THE VALE

With no scent it was a poor day's sport. When hounds did have their only find, MAJOR JOHN TURNBULL on a racy-looking grey lost no time in getting after them. He was followed by Mr. JACK PAGE, and the elegant Mrs. L. H. BARRINGTON. Another contingent of riders, seemingly bent on taking the maximum number of stone walls, was led by Col. M. C. WARSON, who commands the Wiltsire Yeomanry, and was riding a much-admired chestnut.

When the Bathurst and Cricklade combine next year, it will be called the Vale of White Horse Hunt. It was the Bathurst which made the original suggestion to amalgamate, largely for financial reasons. Those I spoke to welcomed the idea of joining the smaller Cricklade. Some, though, didn't like the word amalgamate. "It is not an amalgamation, it's a reunion," BRIGADIER DOUGLAS FABIN, the honorary secretary told me. "We were one hunt 80 years ago".

## A WOODLAND DAY

It was a lawn meet of the Cowdray with a good turnout of riders for mid-week. The rolling wooded countryside around Hammerwood House was partly shrouded in a fine gossamer mist, and when the HON. MRS. LAKIN's staff brought round the port, they sensibly wore Wellington boots. Mr. RONNIE DRIVER, the Master, said that he hoped we would "do something" early in the day. Business was taking him to Lebanon afterwards and there were still preparations to make. Mr. Driver has been known to change out of his hunting clothes in the car *en route* to the airport.

It was a busy woodland day, with plenty of foxes. As we approached the covert a woman wearing the yellow collar of the hunt rode up to me and said: "I see you are riding Seaweed (he was discovered pulling a seaweed cart in Ireland). Well you need not worry. He carries all sorts and he carries them well." Reassurance is always welcome even if it does mean getting lumped in with "all sorts."

The hunt chairman, Col. SIDNEY



Mr. Roy Herbert Thomson, Chairman, the Thomson Organisation Ltd., has been created a Baron in the New Year Honours list. Among Mr. Thomson's recent benefactions is the establishment of the Thomson Foundation, a £5,000,000 trust for training people from the underdeveloped countries of the world in the techniques of newest mass communication



# A dance for Peta-Jane

KENNEDY, was out in a Land-Rover, casting an alert eye—sharpened by the umpiring of hundreds of polo matches—along the line of riders. Those mounted included Mrs. CHARLES SHIPPAM, MAJOR F. H. BLACKETT, and Mrs. JANE HARE.

Keeping up with all that goes on during a hunt, largely in woodland, isn't easy. So much can happen out of sight. Pink-coated LT.-COL. "FLUFFY" BOORD told me that his dappled grey got down and rolled in the middle of a ploughed field. "It was all quite a sight, it would have made a splendid picture for *The Tatler*," said Lt.-Col. Boord.

## THE LIBERALS DANCE

In London the Liberals were at the Dorchester for their annual ball. (*See pictures overleaf.*) Time was when only the very old and the very young went to the Liberal Ball. Now it is the in-between age groups, 25 to 45.

"The better educated are coming to us," said LORD OGMORE, the Socialist turned Liberal, who is now President of the Liberal Party. "We are getting large numbers of professional people. We are also beginning to get the trade unionist and the skilled worker."

However, if there is still chilly news of Liberal candidates on election night it won't be so cold for the Ogmores. LADY OGMORE won a double-bed size electric blanket in the raffle.

Others at the ball included Mrs. Jo GRIMOND and her daughter GRIZELDA, the most beautiful woman in the room; Miss HEATHER HARVEY; Mr. ERIC LUBBOCK, M.P. & Mrs. LUBBOCK; THE HON. DAVINA LLOYD; THE HON. MAUREEN HARPER; Mr. HUGO BRUNNER; Miss PAT HARVEY; Mr. & Mrs. BASIL WIGODER; Mr. & Mrs. ROBERT ALEXANDER; and Mr. & Mrs. KIM MALCOLM. Mr. Malcolm's wife and in-laws, Mr. & Mrs. FRANK BYERS, have lost no time into getting him to do his bit for the Liberal cause. On his wedding day he told me he was an uncommitted voter. At the ball he was buying the expensive tombola tickets by the fistful.

## A LACK OF LORDS

I talked to LORD REA, the Liberal leader in the Lords, about the changes there. He doesn't like them. "With the EARL OF HOME and LORD HAILSHAM gone we've lost our star tier."

It was a crowded ball, the biggest the Liberals have had in recent years. The whole regiment of relations whom LORD LAYTON has given the Liberal Party appeared to be at full strength. There were Parliamentary candidates by the score. One with an unusual problem for election year is the HON. MRS. HEATHCOAT AMORY, prospective candidate for Taunton. "I'm having my daughter coming out so I am hoping that the election will be before or after the season," she told me.



Mr. & Mrs. Peter Foster gave a dance for their daughter Peta-Jane at Claridge's

- 1 Mr. Peter Foster, Q.C., with his wife and daughter
- 2 Mr. Michael Heathcoat Amory and Miss Lucia Santa-Cruz
- 3 The Hon. Victor Lampson and Miss Rose Vivian
- 4 Mr. John Carleton Paget and Miss Sheila Lowther





# The Dynasties gather

Only one Liberal M.P., Mr. Eric Lubbock, was present at the Liberal Ball held at the Dorchester. He received the guests with Mr. Frank Byers, the chairman of the party. But the notable Liberal families were all there, including the Asquiths, the Samuels, the Thursos and the Clement Davieses

- 1 Mrs. Frank Byers with Mr. & Mrs. Eric Lubbock who received the guests
- 2 Dr. Melvin Jennings, Dr. Deanna Layton and the Hon. Michael Layton
- 3 Mrs. Ludovic Kennedy (Moir Shearer) and Lady Violet Bonham-Carter
- 4 Mr. & Mrs. Kim Malcolm with (right) Mrs. Jo Grimond
- 5 Lord & Lady Ogmores; he is the party's president
- 6 Mr. & Mrs. Mark Bonham-Carter
- 7 Lord & Lady Rea (seated) with Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence Robson. Mr. Robson is Liberal candidate for Gloucester City
- 8 Miss Georgina Murray, Mr. Roy Ashworth and Mrs. Galfred Congreve
- 9 Miss Olive Durban and Mr. Donald Stephenson
- 10 Mr. Geoffrey Layton and Miss Genefer Conway Gordon



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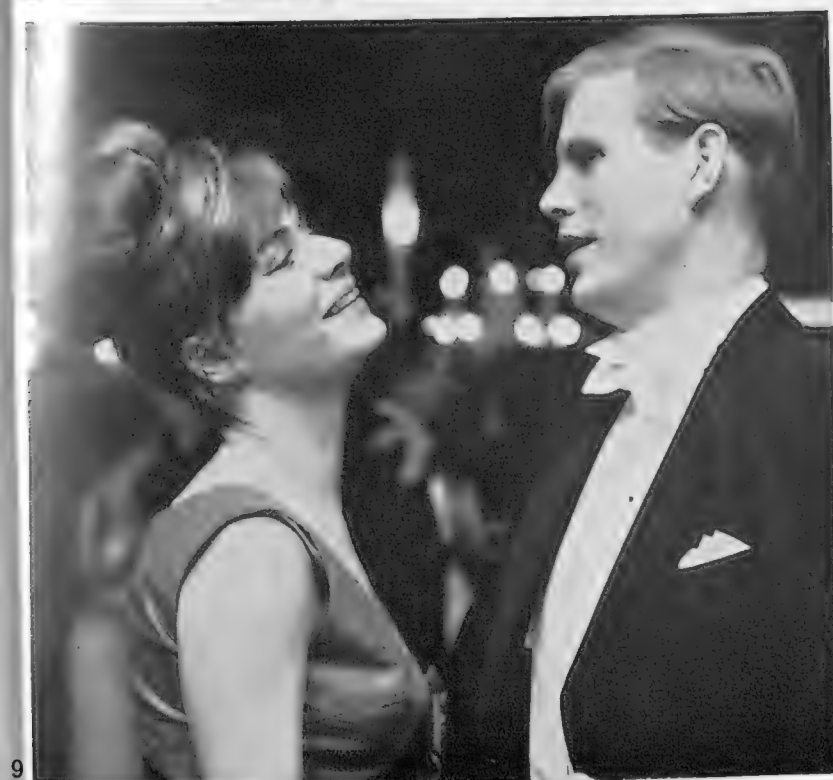
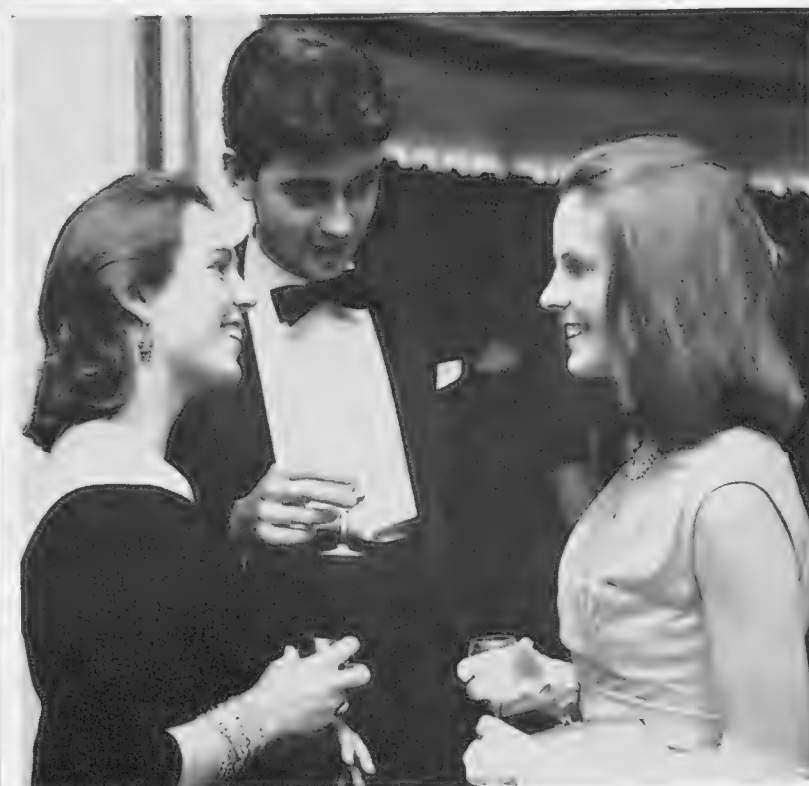
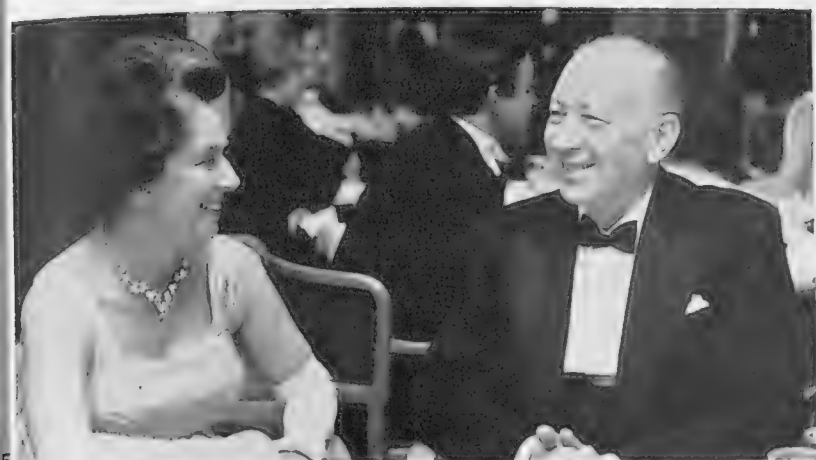


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PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE







# Five candles for Timothy

Timothy Comins celebrated his fifth birthday at a party given for him by his mother, Lady Zinnia Melville, at the Hyde Park Hotel

1 Timothy Comins, for whom the party was given, blows out the five candles on his cake. Watching are Sara Elliot, Lady Zinnia Melville, Sarah Hotchkin and Piers Playfair

2 Michelle Preston and James Stourton pull a cracker and Abbie Bosanquet prepares for the bang

3 Victoria Brahm

4 Amanda Inchbald

5 Emma-Clare Crichton-Miller

6 Mark Grumbar

7 Charles Pelham

8 Anthony Silver



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3/4



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PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEE



# Letter from Scotland

For the first time since the Victoria League in Scotland began holding their annual ball in Edinburgh's Assembly Rooms, they prefaced it with a dinner there. About 100 guests dined and another 400 joined them for the ball. Everyone seemed to enjoy working their way through a mixed grill of Scottish, Latin-American and modern ballroom dancing.

Lady Headley, chairman of the Ball Committee, and Lord Headley, from Wigtownshire, brought a party, and Mrs. David Wallace, deputy chairman, was there with her husband. Sir Ian Johnson-Gilbert, chairman of the Victoria League in Scotland, was present with Lady Johnson-Gilbert. These two pleasant people seem to be almost as active now as they were several years ago when they were Lord and Lady Provost of Edinburgh. "You have to go on doing things, or turn into a cabbage," Lady Johnson-Gilbert told me cheerfully. Obviously she is in no danger of that, and is full of excitement at the moment because work on the new Marie Curie Home in Edinburgh has begun at last. Working to support cancer research is one of her great interests and she is chairman of the Ladies' Appeals Committee for the home. "You feel so mean if you say 'no' when so many things are needing help," she remarked. Anyway, it's nice to find such busy people relaxing occasionally.

An imaginative touch at the ball was the use of Christmas vegetables for decoration, provided by Lady MacMillan of

MacMillan, chairman of the Renfrewshire branch of the League.

## M.P.'s BRIDE

Miss Kathleen Wheatley, only daughter of Lord & Lady Wheatley, was married to Mr. Tam Dalyell, only son of Mrs. Dalyell, of The Binns, at St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, Edinburgh, on Boxing Day. The reception was held at the bride's home in Morningside, Edinburgh.

Lord Wheatley, who gave his daughter away, is a Senator of the College of Justice in Scotland and was until recently Senior Outer House judge. On the day of the wedding his appointment as successor to Lord Patrick, who retired recently, was announced. This means that he moves into the Second Division of the Inner House.

Mr. Dalyell, who is Labour M.P. for West Lothian, had as best man an old University friend, Dr. James Cargill Thomson, who is a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

The bride, attended by Miss Eileen Murdoch, wore a white satin, lace-embroidered dress with a matching lace pill-box head-dress. Her heirloom necklace was given to her by the bridegroom's mother.

Miss Wheatley is a graduate of the University of Edinburgh and until just before her wedding taught at a girls' school in the city. She has a wide range of interests including—fortunately—politics. She also shares with Mr. Dalyell a fondness for walking and reading.

The young couple, who are spending their honeymoon in Egypt, will live in a flat at The Binns near Edinburgh. This 17th-century house has remained in the hands of the Dalyell family since it was built for them. There has been quite a bit of redecorating going on for the new flat. "The decorative ideas have been very much a joint effort," Miss Wheatley told me—adding farsightedly "It's safe that way; there can't be any come-back."

## STRICT ABOUT DESIGN

Everything from simple pottery jars to beautifully designed clothes in superb fabrics turn up at a new shop in Edinburgh's Rose Street. It's just been opened by Lady Matthew, wife of Sir Robert Matthew, President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and the aim, she tells me, is to sell things of good design whatever they are. "We're going to be very strict about design," she says.

Such a shop, Lady Matthew tells me, has been her dream for nearly 30 years. Her husband has, of course, given the project his blessing but most of the choice of goods falls on Lady Matthew herself. "I've always been a great collector," she says. But in one thing at least she bows to her husband's taste and eye for line. "I wouldn't put in any furniture of which he didn't approve," she admits.

She hopes the shop will help to encourage the work of Scottish designers. All power to it on this score. Goodness knows, they can do with all the encouragement they can get. J.P.



1 The ball of the Linlithgow & Stirlingshire branch of the Pony Club was held at Hopetoun House, South Queensferry. With Lord Clydesmuir are, from left, Miss Elizabeth Hostvedt, Ronald Braber, the Hon Simon Guest, Miss Grizelda More and Miss Patricia McCormack  
2 Lady Clydesmuir, Mrs. Michael Leslie Melville, the organizer, and Mr. Andrew Usher  
3 David McLellan  
4 Miss Elizabeth Bruce  
5 Miss Pamela Leslie Melville



If you say you've been staying with a millionaire in Russia, people look understandably sceptical, and then ask how much land he owns, how many servants he's got, and whether The Rich can enjoy life there. Well, as there are neither house-servants nor private lands in the Soviet Union, each rich man probably chooses his own pattern of living. I cannot generalize anyway, because I only know one. He certainly seems to enjoy himself.

Whether my friend Mikhail Alexandrovich Sholokhov really is a millionaire, I do not actually know, and I don't suppose he does either. Certainly his income is enormous, earned from his books. *And Quiet Flows The Don* is one of the great international best-sellers of this century, and all his books sell million after million in the USSR, as well as being made into money-spinning plays and films. A few years ago he won the Lenin Prize, which is £100,000 tax-free; and this he gave away to the local school, to start a new building. When he comes to London he usually buys a gun or two—the last cost him £430.

Probably he gives these guns away—he

is not interested in possessions for their own sake. What he enjoys is the ability to travel, and to give his friends fun; and this he does, on a noble scale. His house is always full of visitors (among whom I was proud to be the first Englishman), and the table covered with bottles of vodka and champagne (as expensive in Russia as they are here) at all hours of the day and night.

He lives in the village of Veshenskaya on the Don, in a house that is not large, but stands conspicuously above the other single-storey thatched cottages that line the dust-roads, each with its painted shutters, bird-box on a tall pole, fenced enclosure, and television aerial. Sholokhov's enclosure is larger than the others, but nothing very imposing—small orchards and kitchen gardens with some outhouses and cottages. The high rooms are pleasantly airy in the scorching summer, with plain but comfortable furniture, and in the dining-room big shrubs of jasmine and hibiscus. The plumbing is old-fashioned but adequate. Fine balconies look out over the wide, brown Don, far below between its white sandy shores.



# MAGNATE OF THE DON

Here "Mikhail Alexandr'itch" spends most of his time, and receives a continual stream of guests: writers and critics, foreign publishers, authors from abroad, even Khrushchev himself. Most of his visitors, however—and these are certainly the ones that he enjoys most—are uninvited strangers, ordinary people who have come, like pilgrims, from all over the Soviet Union to see him. Nowadays he is a Deputy to the Supreme Soviet (roughly equivalent to being an MP) and he seems to have taken the place—at any rate among the Cossacks of the Donskoy region—of a benevolent great landowner of the old régime.

During my stay, for instance, there arrived one morning two Russian youths who had been working on the reclamation of virgin lands in Khazakhstan. They were now bicycling some thousands of miles across Russia, and had come out of their way to bring a little bag of grain from their first harvest, in homage to the author of *Virgin Soil Upturned*. (When he found that they had no coats, he gave them each one of his own.)

Then an old woman arrived one night a little before dawn, with a long grumble about her village Kolkhoz (collective farm) skimping her private plot. She could only travel at night, she said, because of the heat, and so could not get to the official bureau; but she had heard what a great man Sholokhov was, and "knew that he would see her." And he did.

And there was the pretty girl who came 60 miles across country to ask his advice, because the doctors wanted to take her new but ailing baby into the excellent clinic at Rostov, and she could not bear to be parted from it.

All these visitors are given a warm welcome, set at their ease, and soon find themselves in the spate of Sholokhov's stories. I don't think I have ever known a more inexhaustible storyteller (except possibly Gilbert Harding) or a funnier man. With a boyish smile playing round his bristly white moustache, and a gleam in his little bright-blue eyes, he brings out (or invents) the anecdote or *rasskaz* just right for the occasion, and soon his

listener, whoever he may be, is crumpling with helpless laughter. (Even Stalin is reputed to have done so, when he tried to bring Sholokhov, ever the independent Cossack, into line.)

Visitors will probably be offered a meal. Russians do not have fixed ideas about mealtimes; if someone is hungry, that is a good reason for sitting down to eat. At the Sholokhovs', there is always a meal between nine and 10 in the morning; but if this is "breakfast," it is breakfast in the proper old style, with innumerable full-scale dishes, and vodka and champagne (as usual). There is another—even vaster—meal at some time in the afternoon or evening; and a late supper, which may be crayfish, freshly caught, with plenty of Czech lager.

There are rarely fewer than 20 at table; eight or nine of the family (the four children come with their own children to stay whenever they can); three or four house-guests; callers on business, interpreters, secretaries; and the rest either asked in from the neighbourhood, or unexpected visitors. Maria Petrovna Sholokhova always seems to have food ready for everybody, and imperturbably welcomes the ever-changing stream of people pouring through her house.

All the serving at table is done by her and by the young women of the family. They have a cook, a marvellously mountainous woman called Nyura, who has been with them for 29 years, and there are one or two old helpers about the house. Even so, quite a lot of the kitchen work is done by Maria Petrovna and her daughters, and there are no "servants" of the formal kind.

Out of doors, there are men who dig the garden, drive the motors (Sholokhov has a big saloon, several field-cars, and a three-ton lorry), keep the boats; but it would be difficult to describe them as "outdoor staff." (For one thing, they are liable at any time to be summoned to play an extraordinary card-game with Mikhail Alexandr'itch; it involves hurling down each card with a shout, and crawling under the table if you lose.)

Four or five of these men used to come



with us on the fishing expeditions, which in summer Mikhail Alexandr'itch loves to make. In Russia there are no sporting rights, anybody may take game wherever he can find it; so we would go 60 or 70 miles to a piece of water reported to be promising, on just the same sort of foray that Turgenev sometimes describes in *A Sportsman's Sketches*. On these drives over the spreading plains, we would pass kolkhoz parties, working with long lines of tractors, or resting under a wagon; and Mikhail Alexandr'itch would always stop to chat with the leader, for all the world like that old-style landowner rallying his tenants.

We would come to a wooded gorge cut into the empty landscape, and there the drivers would make the camp, Nyura would build her bonfire, and the provision of food would be set about by the fishermen.

The most notable of these is Spiridon, a hawk-eyed old Cossack, veteran of many wars, who fought in the cavalry of both sides in the Civil War. His favourite prey is the sterlet, a sort of junior sturgeon, which he catches on naked unbarbed hooks bobbing on corks above a ground-

line. The hapless fish is hooked in the body as it comes feeding along the bottom, and the toughness of its skin holds it fast.

It is good to eat, and we would have enormous meals of it made into stews and soup. There would be a full array of cutlery, glasses, and linen, and folding chairs and tables that had come with us in the lorry. And, of course, there would be vodka and champagne.

When the blazing day faded into the mosquito-humming darkness, we retreated into the big tents, each one floored with a pile of sweet-smelling hay, covered with blankets and pillows. Before long the nightjar's rattle was drowned with resounding Cossack snores. It was more comfortable than it sounds; the tents were reasonably mosquito-proof—at least, in the early part of the night. Later the whining hordes would usually penetrate the defences, so that at dawn it was a relief to get out and plunge into the cool clear river.

Sholokhov is at his most warmly genial on these expeditions. It is not so much the sport that he loves, as the complete independence and informality. For him, this freedom to live simply is the most valuable thing his money can buy.

## Roger Lubbock weekends with millionaire Soviet novelist Mikhail Sholokhov



# the farmers' night out

It took place at the Lower Hardres village hall when Mr. & Mrs. John Baker White were hosts at a harvest supper to workers from their Street End estate near Canterbury. This pleasant social occasion was the first held there for 30 years and it is planned to make it once more an annual event for the estate workers.

Street End estate has been managed by the Baker White family for more than a century. Mr. Baker White's grandfather bought it in 1860; it is now run by Mr. John Baker White in partnership with his wife. Their son Mr. Robin Baker White is the estate manager. The total area is 1,400 acres, of which 500 are given over to corn, beef stock and a Jersey dairy herd. There are nearly 400 acres of woodlands in hand. During the evening, the Royal Agricultural Society of England's bronze medal for long service was presented to one of the employees, Mr. Harry Towner, who has worked on the estate for forty years. The presentation was made by the evening's guest of honour, Mr. W. Pratt-Boorman, owner-editor of the *Kent Messenger*.



Above: Mr. & Mrs. Robin Baker White—he manages the estate. Above left: Mr. John Baker White hands out the specially baked bread for the supper. Above right: Mrs. John Baker White with some of the farm produce. Top: Mr. Harry Towner who received the Royal Agricultural Society's long service medal. He is 75 years old and still puts in the maximum number of hours permissible to an old age pensioner. Both his sons work on the farm



## WHERE HAVE ALL THE HORSES GONE ?

There's no blinking the fact that horses these days are pretty thin on the ground. A near-70 years of the internal combustion engine have finally dispossessed the proudly tossing plumed heads, the burnished harness, the lacquered hooves and the elegant equipages that rolled behind them. For a brief span the problem of speedy transport in big cities appeared near solution but it's a sobering thought to consider that the progress of a private car between, say, the Bank and Oxford Circus, could well be slower than that of the old horse bus. Not that the horse has disappeared altogether, on farms they linger still, in hunting country the cavalry is present in some force and strangely in the metropolitan cities, notably London, the draughthorse, the drayhorse, the charger and the hack have not only retained but in some cases extended their dominions. Achilles, the horse on this page, is a case in point. He is a new boy at the Whitbread stables, resting in the sick bay there as a temporary victim of the cold epidemic which recently afflicted Britain's horses. Achilles was photographed by Morris Newcombe as the starting point of a horse-finding tour which took him to the police Mounted Branch HQ, the barracks of the Life Guards and the R.H.A., to Covent Garden, Hampstead Heath, Kensington Gardens, Hyde Park, to the circus, even to the theatre. His graphic record appears overleaf





Paired horses draw a dray of Whitbread draught, the barrels ranged in pleasing parallel, the tools of the trade lying on the planks between. The dray evolved before wheeled transport from the practice of transporting beer by means of a yoke and a drag which consisted of two shafts towed along the ground with the casks of beer resting on the base



The horse is a constant in Covent Garden. He plods in from the London suburbs, the coster habitat, high-laden with boxes and crates to collect the flowers that will later tempt urban commuters belated at Tube stations after high-pressure work in City and West End offices. The coster horse concedes no points to style of grooming or harness; he is as basic to London as the Mint and the Royal Exchange

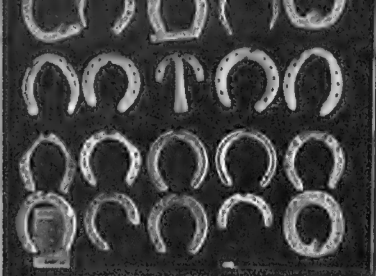




The horse needs water as the car needs petrol or the computer facts to operate at peak efficiency, indeed to operate at all. Massive in granite, set on cobbles, equipped with a plenteous supply of cool, clear water, horse drinking stations like this one on Hampstead Heath are a tribute to the bountiful activities of the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Horse Trough Association. Look for them along the Embankment and the City and West End streets where once the hansoms clopped

Romulus and Remus from the Whitbread stables turn to watch Mr. J. Strickland—he drives the Lord Mayor's coach—and Mr. C. Gibbons roll out the barrel to make a delivery. Whitbread drays have represented the company in London's streets since the mid-18th century when Samuel Whitbread set up his brew-house in Chiswell Street





27<sup>th</sup> October 1947.

On the occasion of the inspection of  
the Riding Troop, Royal Horse Artillery  
by the Majesty, the King

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The horses of the King's Troop, R.H.A., are stabled at St. John's Wood Barracks. The company was known as the Riding Troop until 1947 when the visiting King George VI himself crossed out Riding (see above) and interpolated King's. On the Queen's accession she allowed the honour to stand in memory of her father. The farrier's shop (see top) is under the command of a Staff-sergeant who shares with his opposite number the Staff-sergeant Saddler many of the duties involved in caring for the 120 R.H.A. horses. Most of them come from Ireland and are chosen for their ability in a team of six to draw at a gallop a 33cwt First World War field gun. The guns are used for firing salutes on State and Royal occasions, at Service charities and Tattoos. During the summer months agricultural shows are visited and twice-daily displays given. The troop leave by train from Olympia which has a suitably wide platform





Horses of the Queen's Life Guard parade with their riders for the Adjutant's daily inspection at the Hyde Park Barracks, Knightsbridge.

The barracks house the Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) together forming the Household Cavalry with an approximate establishment of 230 horses. The Life Guards and the Blues provide the Queen's Life Guard on alternate days.

Horses of the Metropolitan Police Mounted Branch go upstairs to their quarters at New Scotland Yard in Whitehall. Below: a mounted constable awaits his colleague leading a horse from the stables above. Strength of the mounted branch is some 200 horses; most were bred in Yorkshire. Aim of the branch, under the

control of an Assistant Commissioner with a Chief Superintendent in charge, is to provide quiet, well-trained horses that are well balanced, responsive to the correct aids and accustomed to moving traffic and all unusual sights and sounds



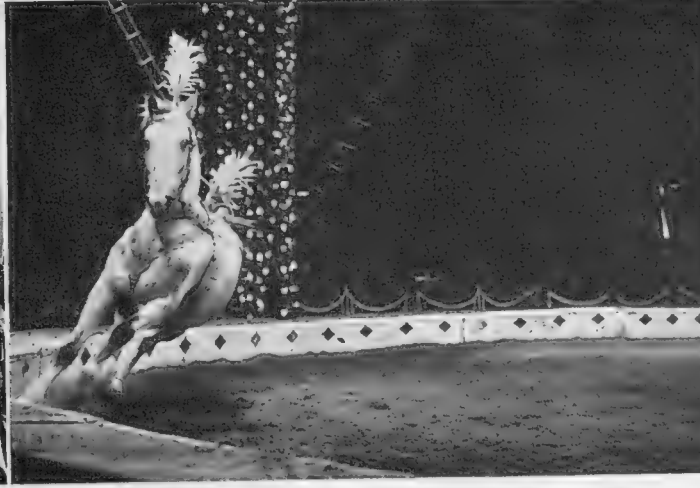
Horses and their riders are controlled by by-law and local government edict in the London area. This sign on Hampstead Heath sets out the do's and don'ts. Horses and riders of the Civil Service Riding Club (far right) have permission from the Queen to hold their annual gymkhana in the Paddock at Kensington Gardens. Horses are traditional in Rotten Row. The scene below was photographed at dusk on a winter evening



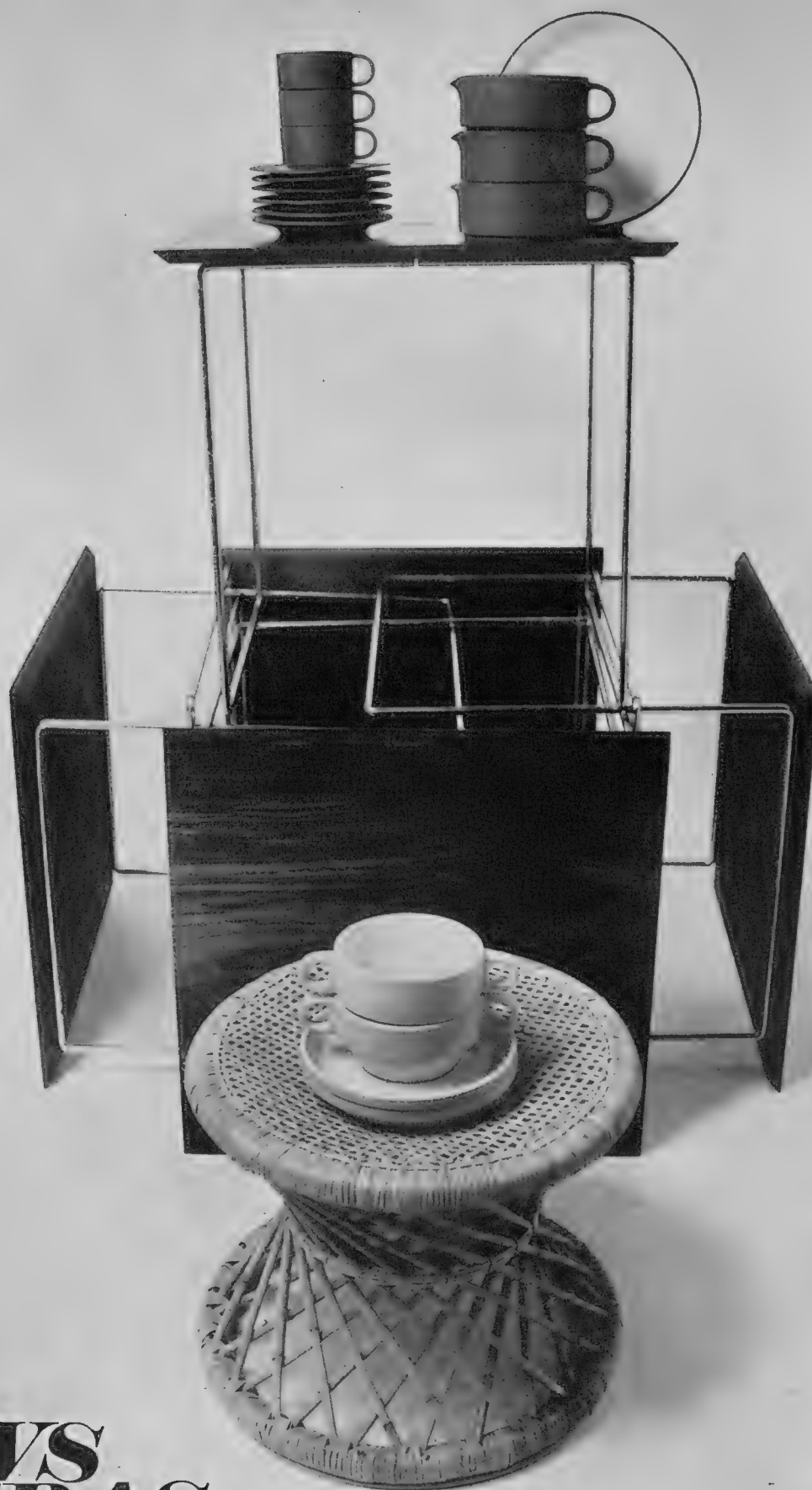
Horses give way on Hampstead Heath to mule and donkey riders. Jaunts over the tussocky grass are well patronised by local children and visitors

*Centre right:* horse-drawn chariot complete with Roman soldier is a fugitive from the rampageous musical hit *A Funny Thing Happened on the way to the Forum* now at the Strand Theatre

*Far right:* most popular horses of all—at least with the children—are the bounding, highly-trained performers of the sawdust ring. This one was photographed at Billy Smart's Circus







## NEWS EXTRAS

**COUNTERSPY** The social scene is crowded with extra sets of items that fill the backs of cupboards when they are not actually being sociable. This problem of extra seating, extra eating, extra drinking is neatly solved by designs that stash away in stacked piles or dissolve into objects with a different use. Pile up a skyscraper of crockery in stove-black with white insides. Coffee cup and saucer: 12s. each, stacking jugs: 29s. 6d., deep plates: 18s.; wicked wicker stools woven in Thailand: 4 gns. at Vasa. ■ Foursquare teak tables that make a perfect cube storage box or coffee table when

out of action. £37 at Oscar Woollens, Finchley Road. Designed by Paul Norreklit. ■ Rosenthal's chunky white stacking china, designed for hotels, has been taken up by Woollands. Its virtues include durability. Piled soup bowls: 12s. each at Woollands. Vasa sell the most sociable dining table of all, designed by Bruno Mathsson, that extends from a two seater to a table that takes 14. ■ If you can find them, antique butler's tables make sociable extras. So do those prettily mother-of-pearled Victorian lacquer tables with tops that swivel vertically when inactive. **BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON**

# ? skin

*How thick is your*

*Your second skin, that is—the one you can choose in any shape or colour to put you in the mood of the moment. This winter, it could be as thick as rugged sheepskin or as fine as glove suede. It might be shiny leather, glossy sealskin or one of the ultra-warm shaggy furs. Unity Barnes tracked down a bunch of distinctive skins which combine windproof warmth with go-anywhere good looks. Photographs by John French Studio.*



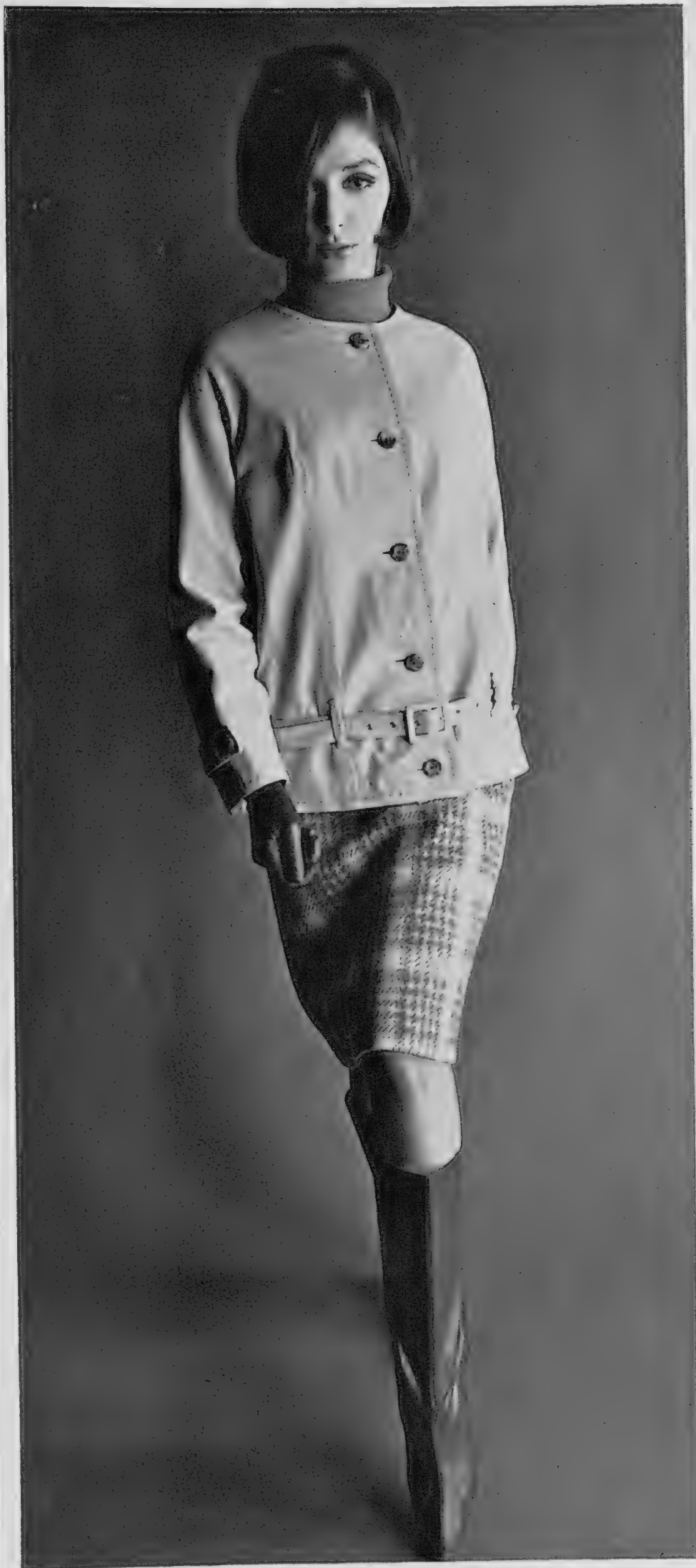
Leather-bound jacket in spicy brown sheepskin, fleecily insulated, with leather buttons and its own matching hat. By Morlands, jacket 29 gns., hat £2 17s. 6d. at D. H. Evans. Cinnamon corduroy trousers £2 5s. at the Gor-Ray Shop, John Barker.



*Right:* belted Norfolk jacket with soft rounded shoulders on a suit of mustard suede. By Paul Blanche, 44 gns. at Selfridges.  
Olive suede brim on a knitted orange and yellow hat of Bernat Klein wool. By Chez Elle, 9½ gns. at Liberty.

*Far right:* Collarless jacket from Spain, in supple beige kid, has a low belt slotted round the hips and is saddle-stitched in brown. 23 gns. at Cordoba Suedewear, 134 New Bond Street, W.1, and 53 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. Oatmeal and mushroom checks for a tweed skirt by Gor-Ray, £3 9s. at John Barker. Brown leather boots, 10 gns. at Gamba.











Left: even more fur: This coat in creamy fitch faintly striped with deep brown has a huge shaggy collar of brown Mongolian lamb and a band of beaver above the hem. Designed by Mary Quant, £449 at Debenham & Freebody

Far left: fur-on-fur on a tie-belted coat of honey-beige ponyskin with a deep collar of thick creamy lynx. 165 gns. at Femina Furs



*Right:* long leather revers and buttoned sleeves on a narrow coat of soft black suede. By John Homac, 29 gns. at Bazaar. Hood in black and white Giselle chiffon. By Ascher, £2 9s. 6d. at Cadogan, St. Albans Mews, W.2.

Gloves by Dents

*Far right:* swinging gored skirt to a suit of garnet red Pittards leather. Double-breasted jacket has a squared neckline, three-quarter sleeves. 36 gns. at Tamara Suede Couture, 78 New Bond Street

Red leather beret on a band of grey jersey by Chez Elle, 7 gns. at Liberty, and Cripps, Liverpool. Paisley stockings by Balenciaga, 25s. 6d. at Fortnum & Mason

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Good news for skin-enthusiasts: SuedeClean Ltd., of 30 Baker Street, W.1, and 57 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3, will clean your suede or leather coat in as little as three days. Their service also includes repairs, alterations and re-tinting







Super-sweater of coppery  
Lakoda sealskin, with  
creamy knitted collar  
and cuffs. £79. Coffee  
brown stretch trousers,  
10 gns. Both at Harvey  
Nichols



# on plays

## MISCEGENATION TO MUSIC

There are at present three shows running in London for which Mr. Richard Rodgers has written his own kind of lilting, singable and memorable music. The latest of these is **No Strings** at Her Majesty's, in which the book has been written by Mr. Samuel Taylor, the brilliant New York playwright, and in which the oddest theme—miscegenation—is treated. This, however, is anything but a solemn treatment. The play has lightness, humour, and is zippily directed by Mr. Jerome Whyte. It also has the benefit of a delightful score with at least one song which should reach the top of one of those impressive success charts. This is *The Sweetest Sounds* and, with no overture, the curtain rises on a pretty coloured girl (Miss Beverley Todd) and a large hunk of man (Mr. Art Lund) severally and separately singing it.

This lack of introductory flourishes is just one of the originalities in the production. Another is that the orchestra has left its usual fastness and

plays either in the wings or right on the stage, and from time to time sends a couple of wandering musicians to cross and recross the stage, apparently invisible to the actors, playing their plaintive woodwinds. Another gimmick which I found amusing was when a solitary trombonist was having a perfectly good solo and found himself actively bawled out by two of the leading ladies, his instrument wrenched from him and his effective retaliation to step quietly in front of them, leaving them stuck with the trombone, and take their bow to himself. Incidentally, the title applies not only to the fact that the girl and her man want their love affair to be untrammelled by convention, but that there are no strings in the orchestra (apart from guitar and bass), which is a melodious blend of brass and woodwind.

The story is slight enough, but who, one asks, wants the profundities of Ibsen set to music? It is concerned with the top fashion model of Paris

and a wandering American who has won the Pulitzer Prize for a book but can't seem to write any more because parties keep getting in the way. To nobody's surprise they fall in love and go together to Honfleur (thereby striking out a new travel line for themselves), where the girl develops into a prime young nagger about his work and he nips off to Deauville to join the party of one Comfort O'Connell. This part is played by Miss Marti Stevens and as the rich party girl to end all party girls she gives a performance of almost breathless vitality, combining something of Elaine Strich's pep with the beauty of Dorothy Dickson in *Dancing Time*.

Back in Paris the lovers are reunited but fall out again on the question of where they will live. She wants him to go back to his native Maine where he may finally get some writing done; he won't go without her and neither of them can honestly envisage the future they might have in that rock-ribbed state.

Their eventual decision is, at the very least, an original one for a musical play: they decide not only to part but to pretend that they have never met. This summary clearing up of acute problems ranks with the notorious solution to a thriller problem—"with one

bound Jack regained his freedom."

In the course of their working and playing lives they have been surrounded by their friends: Miss Hy Hazell as an indomitably brash and leggy fashion editor, Mr. Geoffrey Hutchings as a photographer and Miss Erica Rogers as the assistant who shows a nice turn of speed in her cross-stage scampers and proves that the accepted wear for such amanuenses is black tights, a shaggy pullover and festoons of light-meters and extra lenses. She also manages her French accent very well indeed, which is quite a trick done at this speed. Mr. Ferdy Mayne plays the cultured Frenchman who teaches the model girl such crystal truths as that red wine should not be chilled and Mr. David Holliday is agreeably floppy in the part of a peripatetic American, more succinctly described by someone as a "Eurobum."

But unquestionably it is Miss Todd with her tall grace who is one of the stars of the show and Miss Stevens with her sparkle the other. There remain Mr. Rodgers to be thanked for the prettiest score in London, and Mr. Taylor to be congratulated on a book without a single banal line and with his own welcome kind of sophisticated humour.



TOM HUSTLER

Beverley Todd and Art Lund provide the central romantic interest in Richard Rodgers' musical *No Strings*. She is a model working in Paris; he is a non-writing writer living it up in Europe. They are both looking for someone to love



# on films

M. MARAIS SWASHES A FEW BUCKLES

M. Jean Marais has changed a great deal since I first saw him—in *L'Eternel Retour*, a film (made by M. Jean Cocteau during the German occupation) through which he strode romantically in jackboots and riding-breeches, a beautiful blonde young man, the ideal modern Tristan by Nazi standards. Both he and the film struck me as too Teutonic by half, and I disliked them cordially. But, bless you, that was nearly 20 years ago. Seeing him now, in a quaint little period piece misleadingly entitled *Mysteries of Paris*, I find I can regard M. Marais with affectionate amusement.

Believe it or not, he has developed into a strong-arm chap, jolly nearly as agile as Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. You will not suspect this when he makes his first appearance as an elegant Marquis of Louis-Philippe's day—indeed, there's something about his unbending posture that suggests he's wearing stays so tightly laced he can scarcely breathe, let alone beat up a bunch of bully-boys—but wait until he dons a workman's clothes, with nothing more restrictive than a cummerbund around his middle, and you'll see!

While engaged in a carriage race with a sinister *soi-disant* Baron (the excellent M. Raymond Pellegrin), who has bought his way into Paris high society, the Marquis accidentally runs down a poor, elderly citizen. Like a perfect gentleman, the Marquis gives him a monogrammed purse stuffed with gold pieces and drives on, unaware that the wretched fellow has been mortally injured. Some weeks later the noble Marquis visits the widow of the man he injured in a prison hospital and promises her, on her deathbed, that he will move heaven and earth to find her darling daughter, Marie (Miss Jill Haworth), who has mysteriously disappeared.

Disguised as a workman, the Marquis prowls the seamier side of Paris. After some marvellous brawls—in which M. Marais proves he has the punch of a prize-fighter and can kick like a mule and run like a stag if need be—the Marquis tracks down the virginal Marie in an underworld dive frequented by the vilest characters who, says the hand-out delicately, "would have put her youth and beauty

to the most evil of uses."

The Marquis knocks all the criminals cold, tears the place apart in fine style, rescues Marie, and installs her in the home of the poor but honest couple, where he lavishes rich presents upon her and visits her frequently. His imperious mistress, Irene (Mlle. Dany Robin), piqued at the Marquis's unexplained absences, amuses herself with the bold, bad Baron: she does not, of course, know that he is really the boss of the Paris underworld and has sworn to discredit and destroy the Marquis.

Later, trapped by a gang of cut-throats, M. Marais is knocked cold for the first time in the picture. He comes to in a flooded cellar, with the water rising every minute: it's up to his eyes before he manages to tear a couple of iron bars apart with his bare hands, wriggle through the gap and make his get-away, half-drowned, *via* a mill-race. Phew!

I'm told that M. Marais employs no doubles or stuntmen—fights all his own fights, takes all his own falls, and so on. In the cellar scene and one where he rescues M. Roquevert from the top floor of a burning house (oh, didn't I tell you about that bit?) he doesn't seem to be enjoying himself very much: he wears a distinctly anxious expression—but he goes through with it gamely, bless his heart. And does the Baron come to a sticky end—and does the Marquis get Marie? Well, what do you think? Shot in pleasing Eastman Colour, this is a thoroughly naïve film: the only mystery about it is how it came by its title. Incidentally, M. André Hunebelle directed, and the dubbing of the dialogue into English is not too infuriating.

M. Pierre Etaix, who wrote, directed and stars in *The Suitor* (*Le Soupirant*), was once a clown. This delightfully lunatic comedy proves him to be a master of mime with a refreshing gift of comic invention and an endearing personality which exactly fits the part he plays—that of the Little Man, an innocent abroad in a sophisticated world the ways of which he will never fathom.

M. Etaix, a studious young chap (who looks a little like the early Mr. Buster Keaton), is told by his parents that it's



Diane Cilento in Granada TV's presentation of *Camino Real* by Tennessee Williams to be screened next Monday

time he found himself a wife: dutifully he sets about looking for one. He proposes to the ravishing Swedish *au pair* girl (Fröken Karin Veseley) who lives with the family, but as she doesn't yet speak a word of French, she doesn't know what he's talking about. (In my experience, a Swedish girl would recognize a proposal in

any language—even Tibetan.)

Venturing farther afield, M. Etaix entangles himself with a strapping night-club floozy (hilarious)—and forms a mad attachment for a blonde *châtelaine* (who has a son his own age). Almost all the fun in this perfectly charming film is visual—it must be seen; it simply *must*. Don't miss it.

SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

# on books

TO EASE AWAY DEPRESSIONS, VARIOUS

Now being the time of year when nobody except Mr. Getty has any money at all, it is comforting to look at very rich books full of lovely stuff owned by other people. Such a one, with a vengeance, is a splendid picture-book called *Modern Jewelry* by Graham Hughes (Studio 5 gns.), and anyone who thought most contemporary jewels were lashings of square-cut emeralds and diamonds alternating in vaguely Odeon cinema designs should think again. There is a brief history of jewels in this century, pages of smashing *art nouveau*, a picture of Sarah Bernhardt in lace listening smugly to heavenly voices on a marble bench, marvellous traditional diamonds marching in wintry

armies, and some weirdies like the Dali heart, eye and watch jewels and an astounding sword designed for dear Marcel Achard when he joined the Académie, its handle decorated with symbols representing his stage successes. Mary Kessel, Elisabeth Frink and Giacometti have designed jewellery and few people know about it. There are pictures of famous Fabergé pieces which faintly turn me up, though to others the thought of fake strawberries in a vase made of precious stones to look just like life is something to afford a sunshine happiness.

After such copious glitter you may feel like dashing out for a plain gold tie-pin, but the book is full of delicious

treasures all the same—none more memorable and imaginative than a couple of rings by Desmond Glen-Murphy, using quartz in its natural state, that might have been designed for Goneril and Regan.

Anyone who needs a nice read to help through influenza needs Dodie Smith's fairy story **The Old Moon With The Old** (Heinemann 21s.), which goes down as easy as aspirin suspension. Based on the dear old prototype of the housekeeper-comes-to-strange-house-job (the heroine is even called Jane) it involves the four Carrington children, first discovered living in bizarre luxury like four old people in a grand hotel. Father, a dissolute charmer, flees the country to avoid a fraud charge, leaving the children to fend for themselves. Some of the Carringtons are beautiful, some clever, some both, nobody is just an old bore. One Carrington sets up as companion to a dotty

lady living in Edwardian splendour and untold wealth; one, a dim girl of small apparent charm, is established in astoundingly rich sin with a wicked super-business-man who looks like Charles II. The book contains four real though ageing servants, two of them more than a little mad, and as an escape from a world where the weather is cold and many people have lank hair, no funny little magical ways and very little genius, the Carrington story is hard to beat. It will surely make a smashing film.

Smothered appreciation sounds made by jolly laughing readers don't die down till January is out, and for anyone who is running out of cheeriness, there are the following funnies: a batch from Penguin, **The Jenquin Pennings** (3s.) that speaks for itself, **Brockbank** (4s. 6d.) who is super at cars, **Hoffnung** who was expert at musical instruments and the bizarre persons who

vigorously played upon them, and my own favourite **Thelwell** (4s. 6d.) who does in fact draw other things but will never be forgotten for his square, Beatle-cut, dog-size, frantic-eyed ponies and their cut-throat toddler owners. Then Penguin have unleashed a flood of Wodehouse (two dozen now in print), a writer who as a novelist depresses me dreadfully—though I love his journalism—but has everyone else rolling around in hysterics and searching madly for a quick way of saying “infinitely greater stuff than Henry James's.” Michael Frayn continues to be different from most of the other funny men in that he seems to live in the same world we inhabit, and his last year's pieces from *The Observer* are collected in **The Book of Fub** (Collins 16s.). **Brewing Up in the Basement** (Hutchinson 21s.) is a collection of last year's pieces for the *Sunday Times* by Patrick

Campbell (the third Baron Glenavy to those who mix with the nobs), a very tall outrageous Irishman who appears to lead a wild unrepentant life.

And on the cover of **The (Little) Pot Boiler** (Dobson 10s. 6d.) there is an exquisite Romantic young poet, holding a terrible book of accounts. It is none other than Spike Milligan, and his book is a collection of drawings, astonishing tricks with photographs, poems, and things that are of a strange poetic genius but almost indescribable, such as “Sir Keith Prowse (in Arab Costume)”. On the spine this book is mysteriously titled *To Read, Pull Out and Open*, so you had best offer your bookseller a choice of title. The exquisite Milligan crops up again in **A Dustbin of Milligan** (Trust Books 2s. 6d. profits to Oxfam) and no lovely home is complete without both volumes.

SPIKE HUGHES

## on records

### THE MOODS OF MOZART

Over the years I have developed an extremely pessimistic approach to music and its performance. I expect the worst, so that when I don't get it the surprise and relief are so wonderful I feel like the man who kept banging his head against the wall because it was so nice when he stopped. When CBS listed what were called “The Last Recordings” of Bruno Walter I was prepared to be deeply disappointed with what I was going to hear, for among them was a performance of the one symphony which above all others he made into an unforgettable experience—Mozart's **G Minor Symphony** (K. 550). Old age, I feared, would certainly have affected Walter's powers and I would be better off with the indelible memory of the way he played it with the Vienna Philharmonic in London just after the war. In fact, this last recording is a superb final demonstration of Bruno Walter's understanding of Mozart's music that was unique in his time.

He never conducted the **G Minor Symphony** until he was 50 years old, when, he said, he at last felt he knew what it was about. All the wisdom and experience of Walter's 68 years as a conductor is heard in this performance of a work whose

vast and varied emotional content can defeat even the greatest conductors. Bruno Walter gives it brilliance and depth, elegance and charm, and a peculiar warmth that makes his playing of the slow movement incomparably beautiful and moving.

On the other side of this CBS record (mono and stereo) Walter conducts the more extrovert “**Prague**” **Symphony in D** (K. 504)—a brilliant and cheerful piece Mozart wrote between *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*, and which has a gay melodic affinity with both these operas.

With the exception of *Petrushka*, which I still consider is the best and only lovable thing he ever wrote, I don't think I have ever wanted to hear anything of Stravinsky's twice. Everything he writes is always worth hearing once, if only because there was never a composer who so successfully aroused one's curiosity about whose ideas he was going to swallow next before regurgitating them in his own unmistakable accents. Stravinsky virtually gave up wearing Russian clothes after *Les Noces*; since then he has dressed up as Bach, Handel, Tchaikovsky, Mozart and Anton von Webern.

Hearing *Oedipus Rex* re-

cently for the second time, I must admit I heard things in the score I had missed the first time—at the Berlin premiere in 1928 when Klemperer conducted and Stravinsky took his curtain calls wearing a bright yellow mackintosh. Listening to this near-opera (or near-oratorio) conducted by Stravinsky on a new CBS record (mono and stereo), I now hear distinct echoes of a Rossini (or Walton?) tarantella and a couple of unmistakable phrases from Johann Strauss's *Fledermaus* which I hadn't heard before. The short Rossinian passage is the only sequence of genuinely fast music in the whole work. Otherwise Stravinsky plods along at his eternal jog trot. This recording of the composer's own view of *Oedipus* is an interesting historical document, though conductors may be surprised to discover how often Stravinsky doesn't do the things he says in the score they ought to do.

More than most operas, *Tosca* is a natural for modern recording-studio production, with its clanging gates and off-stage bells, cantatas, cannon shots and shepherd boys. Decca's engineers, on behalf of RCA, have really gone to town to make the most of every cue for effect the opera offers in their presentation of Leontyne Price in the title role (RCA—two records, mono and stereo). Miss Price sings the part as beautifully as anybody since the young Tebaldi—her *Vissi*

*d'arte* is a warm and effortless piece of singing that is quite lovely. I can't say I approve of her hysterical sobs in the last moments of the opera, however, but then *Tosca* is supposed to be an Italian diva, so it isn't altogether out of character. How could a soprano sing with a stiff upper lip anyway? Giuseppe Taddei's Scarpia is fine and wicked, but because he varies his tone of voice he is never monotonously so. Giuseppe de Stefano as Cavaradossi, on the other hand, is below form; he should have been rested for this match with a champion like Leontyne Price. Anyway, he sings in tune enough not to spoil what is otherwise the best *Tosca* recording for years.

The third volume in Decca's instalments of **Mozart's Complete Wind Music** (mono and stereo) consists of a single work: the *Serenade in B Flat* (K. 361) for 13 instruments, played, like the earlier recordings, by Jack Brymer and a fine group of his orchestral colleagues. This volume is in its way even more fascinating than the others so far released, for it contains some of Mozart's most original instrumental sounds—passages for basset horns, or alto clarinets, which had been invented not long before the *Serenade* was written and which he was now using for the first time. It is an astonishing and typical piece with a phenomenal variety of mood and colour.



# on galleries

## TOWARDS PLAIN SPEAKING

Last April, when *The Studio* celebrated its 70th birthday, it published many eulogistic messages from leading figures of the art world. Most of these "leading figures" were old men and they paid tribute to the important part the magazine used to play in international art circles when they were young. Sir Herbert Read, who admitted to having been born in the same year as the magazine, recalled that "between 1893 and 1914 it percolated everywhere—to Russia and to Spain, to Holland and Austria, even to China and Japan."

Though none of the message-senders said so in so many words, several of them gave the impression that they regretted the loss of prestige and hoped that it might one day be restored. At the time the hope seemed a pretty forlorn one, but recently the magazine changed hands and the new owner, the Rev. Timothy Beaumont, is already showing his determination to make *The Studio* important again. The current issue presents a new, bigger and better appearance,

comparable with that of, for instance, the *American Art News*.

Its contents are of markedly international interest, but for me the most welcome thing in it is an article, "The Limits of Painting," in which Sir Herbert Read "examines the present state of contemporary painting and relates it to the standards that guided the traditions of painting in China over many centuries." In spite of this esoteric sounding subtitle the article is full of honest commonsense, a commodity notably absent from the great mass of art criticism today. An assiduous reader of the latter probably gets the impression that the world is full of painter-geniuses and that the dealers' galleries of London, New York and Paris are continuously displaying great art. But, says Sir Herbert, nine-tenths of the art we are asked to accept today is modern only in the sense that it is fashionable, and of the utmost triviality and incompetence.

"Art," he concludes, "must

once more communicate with a receptive people by means of a coherent language of symbols." He might also have added that art criticism must once more communicate with a receptive people by means of a coherent language. In their anxiety not to repeat the mistakes of those critics of the past who failed to recognize the importance of the Impressionists or Post-Impressionists, far too many critics today are afraid to commit themselves at all. They use an abstruse language specially evolved to create an effect of "seriousness" while avoiding any positive statement of opinion. It is the language of evasion, but to the unwary its use alone implies praise. Again and again I have found artists preening themselves after reading reviews of their exhibitions written in this way which they did not understand or which, they admitted, had nothing to do with their work as they themselves knew it.

*The Studio*, it must be said, has seldom been a vehicle for "criticism" of this sort and, to judge by the January 1964 issue, it is not likely to be in the future. The job it has to do was summed up by (once again) Sir Herbert Read in his 70th birthday message when he wrote that "there is a greater need than ever for the creation

and maintenance of standards." To achieve this it is not enough to draw attention only to what is good. The shallow and the phoney, the trivial and the incompetent must be shown up for what they are. Even the good critics tend to write only about the artists they admire. But the public needs to be told what is bad and why it is bad. Only in this way will it ever generally and genuinely prefer Picasso to Annigoni or Ben Nicholson to Tretchikoff.

When I wrote recently about the exhibition of Goya's graphic work now at the British Museum, I made the point that it partly made up for the scanty representation in the Royal Academy's Goya show of that most powerful aspect of the artist's work which reached its peak in the so-called Black Paintings. Since then, however, the Academy has augmented its exhibition with a gallery full of big photographs of *The Witches' Sabbath* and other Black Paintings, and of the horrifying *Executions of the Third of May*. While they can scarcely be said to take the place of the paintings, these photographs have a tremendous impact that, coming at the end of the exhibition, sends one home completely overawed by the intensity of Goya's genius.

J. ROGER BAKER

# on opera

## U-CERTIFICATES

Opera is perhaps one of the most difficult arts for children to take. Their literal minds and direct approach mean they do not have the same objections as some adults (they are more interested that the lady is dying and why, rather than that she is singing strenuously while doing so), but can lead to penetrating remarks in the stalls, like: "Mummy, why are those two ladies in bed together?" It is said that at my first opera I stood up and pushed along the row saying: "I'm getting out of here" in the middle of *Una voce poco fa*. I have since learned to love *The Barber of Seville* but remain unsure as to exactly what opera I would choose as a youngster's first.

At the moment Sadler's Wells have three U-certificate pieces in the repertory, presumably a gesture towards school holidays

—certainly the theatre is full of polite little boys and girls sipping orange juice at the bar and being rather grand about it. The current hit is without doubt a new production of *Hansel and Gretel* to which I would rush any child who shows even the slightest aptitude for music. This opera's junior-appeal has, I think, little to do with the actual story which is pretty small fry after *Dr. Who*, not to mention *Dr. Syn*. In both the music and Glen Byam Shaw's production there are no concessions to a young audience. Children soon know when they are being patronized, and they are not here. The drama is played straight, it is full of instantly recognizable characters—high-spirited children, harassed mother, guardian angels and the gingerbread witch. Jane Kingshill's designs are super,

colourful and untwee. I particularly enjoyed Patricia Kern's beautifully sung and brilliantly acted Hansel, and dear Sheila Rex as the witch, bouncing about like an animated *vol-au-vent*. Humperdinck was strongly influenced by Wagner, and the same orchestral surge—and clarity—is there. The young Canadian conductor Mario Bernardi gives the score shape and lightness.

Less successful is Prokofiev's *The Love of Three Oranges*: in fact I am not quite sure as to exactly who this opera is aimed at. Basically it is a fairy story and a good one too. A prince who can't laugh, does so at the humiliation of an old woman (she falls down and shows her scarlet drawers) who turns out to be a witch and makes him go and find a princess trapped inside an orange guarded by an ogre. Unfortunately a touch of the Brechts intrudes with a chorus of clowns who act as intermediaries between the stage and a critical audience (members of the chorus in the auditorium). There are a lot of visual effects, the majority of which do not

come off, and few opportunities for sustained singing. The music makes a chatty background and only occasionally rivets.

Finally *La Belle Hélène* is one of Offenbach's essays in sending-up Greek mythology. Basil Coleman's production is a little heavy-handed, marred by not properly thought-out routines for the singers. John Heddle Nash as Agamemnon doing the twist is not a pretty sight and tends to spoil the delightful trio in which it occurs. The new Helen is Margaret Burton who has played principal boy in pantomime. This shows in the poise with which she bears herself, in her splendid legs (revealed in her second-act strip number) and in the force with which she projects her lower register, almost speaking the lines. This is unusual in the opera house but, in this context, refreshing. It is not an inconsiderable voice either. Anthony Powell's sets and costumes remain glamorous and John Matheson conducts the lively music with a sharp ear for rhythm and a feeling for those swooping waltzes.

GOOD LOOKS  
BY ELIZABETH  
WILLIAMSON



BARRY WARNER

*new waves*

There's a comb-back to the smooth and swinging 1930s in the calm, cool English wave now about to rush in for the first time since *Blue Skies*. But the new waves are only just there. The kinkiness of the 30s wave has smoothed into a gentle, shapely curve. Two deep cheekbone waves are just right to disguise an outrageous nose. And a curving, straight-haired wave is the pretty alternative for a girly girl who never felt at ease in a shake-about straight style. The 60s girl with a 30s touch in the picture is Antal Dorati's daughter Tonina who goes to Gerard Austen at Carita for her wavy hairstyle.

The feminine chiffon scent of the 30s adds a softening touch to brisk modern clothes. Sniff Houbigant's *Quelques Fleurs*, Chanel's No. 5, Millot's *Crêpe de Chine*, Molyneux's *Vivre . . .* The 30s pale, flower petal skin is still cultivated today. To achieve that flawless patina, try a 60s product called Liquid Powder. This is smoothed on like a foundation but unlike a base it has a super smooth, unshiny top coat that needs no powder. By Harriet Hubbard Ayer at the end of the month.

The mood of the 30s is coming back with the crêpe and chiffon, the slouch collars. And the fashionable face will match it with feminine hair that is a straight contrast to the little girl locks. Anything with a pretty shape, a girly glow, will go. Put on the Ritz with curvy waves rising into a topknot, and the bright, naïve sophistication of Top Hat.



If you are getting tired of cabbages and sprouts, let me suggest swede turnips for a change. Despite what Dr. Pavy wrote in his book on dietetics, published in 1874, that swedes are "too coarse eating for human food"—I will say that they are a delicious vegetable, especially those which come from Devonshire and which are easily identifiable because of their thin coating of red earth.

Far from being "too coarse," swede turnips give us the opportunity of serving a different vegetable once in a while.

The best way to prepare them is to cut each in half and then in scant ½-inch half-moon slices. Then and then only, peel them, removing both the outer and the inner skins, the latter of which tastes a little bitter. Drop the slices into just enough boiling water to cover them, add salt to taste and boil them for 20 to 25 minutes when they should be soft. Drain them well, dry them off over a low heat, then mash them with plenty of butter and freshly milled black pepper and you have a dish which is not only sweet but also nutty.

Even in mid-January many of us tend to go for fairly simple food after all the rich Christmas and New Year party fare.

HELEN BURKE

# DINING IN

BE FAIR TO SWEDES

Fish is a good subject for this sort of dish. A mixture of SHELLFISH IN A WINE SAUCE, served in a ring of rice, has the virtue of being fairly quickly prepared and served in the one dish.

Start with the rice, a long-grained type for preference. For 4 servings, boil 6 oz. of it as you would for curry. Drain it well and dot the surface with 1 to 2 oz. of butter. When this has melted through, turn the rice into an oiled ring mould, press it gently in, then cover with butter paper and keep hot.

For the shellfish, you will require 4 good-sized scallops, 4 to 6 oz. of frozen (raw) scampi and 6 oz. of shelled cooked prawns. Wash the scallops and remove the black intestinal lines. Trim off the hardish surrounds and cut the white parts into thin rounds. Leave the orange "tongues" whole. Defrost the scampi.

Gently simmer a chopped

shallot, covered tightly in 6 tablespoons each of dry white wine and water until it is translucent. Add the scampi and simmer them until they are opaque. Remove them and keep them warm. Add the sliced scallops and the whole "tongues" and give them not more than 4 minutes' cooking. Place them with the scampi, then just warm the prawns through in the same liquid. Add to the other shellfish.

Having made a *roux* with an ounce of butter and a tablespoon of flour, remove it from the heat and strain the stock into it, together with a few drops of lemon juice. Bring to the boil, whisking, and simmer it for a few minutes. The sauce should be fairly thin so, if necessary, add hot water to dilute it to the desired consistency.

Add the prepared shellfish and season with salt and Cayenne pepper.

Beat together an egg yolk

and 4 tablespoons of cream and, away from the heat, pour them into the shellfish and sauce. Turn the pan this way and that to blend all well together. Unmould the rice ring on to a heated shallow entrée dish, pour the creamed shellfish into the centre and garnish it with the orange "tongues."

Mushrooms, quickly cooked in butter for not more than a minute, make a good addition. So does a mild green sweet pepper, cut into strips and then "diamonds," boiled for 2 to 3 minutes and well drained.

For a luncheon party I suggest MOUSSE DE MERLAN (hot) which I have taken from Mme. Prunier's excellent *Fish Cookery Book*. Pound 1 lb. of whiting flesh with a fifth of its amount of white breadcrumbs, first soaked in milk and pressed, a little salt and pepper and two whites of egg, added very gradually. Pass through a tammy (fine sieve). Put the purée in a basin and work it with a spatula, mixing in about 12 tablespoons of thick fresh cream, little by little. Poach this forcemeat in a mould in a *bain-marie* (or a large baking tin half-filled with hot water), and serve with it whatever sauce you choose.

DAVID MORTON

# MAN'S WORLD

GUIDES TO TWO CITIES

Getting to know a city is rather like getting to know a person. It depends on the city, it depends on the person. Some people and cities open themselves with a welcoming smile, others offer brief glimpses of their true selves which are soon mistimed over. For people, unfortunately, there are no guide books, but every city in the world has some kind of guide written about it. Most of those I have seen have been abysmally bad, but there are two recent exceptions, one for London, and one for Paris.

London is opened up by Francis Chichester's *London Man*, a pocket-sized guidebook that includes a number of maps of the most useful kind—bus routes, postal areas, car parks, restaurants, Underground—as well as a street index. It also details those chemists that are open all night, all-night petrol pumps and post offices, taxi cabs and lost property offices. Restaurants are classified according to price, cuisine and amenities, with brief but trenchant comment ("Run by a keen pike fisherman"). Night clubs and pubs are covered in a limited but discriminating manner.

But the front of this guide is

of more interest. Edited by Iain Crawford, it proclaims itself "the advice of a sophisticated and experienced man who knows London well and is in a position to advise you where you can get the best of everything you are likely to need, be it night club entertainment or a haircut, a new suit or a dish of oysters." And it's true. Want a five-minute car wash and interior clean-up, with a free coffee thrown in? Crawford knows where—and tells. The best sausage roll in the world, a school tuckbox, lightweight show jumping boots, a chiropodist, an admiral's uniform, a bookmaker, a secretary, a malt whisky, a pair of Thai silk slacks for the girl friend—nothing, it seems, is unobtainable in London.

Paris is revealed in another new guide—the *Guide Julliard de Paris*, by Henri Gault and Christian Millau. A bigger book, but still narrow enough to go into a topcoat pocket, the first 223 pages are a guide to

restaurants which, for my money, is more useful than Michelin. It does not suffer Michelin's limitations, and is not afraid to say that a restaurant is decorated banally, that the bill is outrageous and the company usually horrid. The rest of the book is a shopping guide, with plenty of poker-faced comment. It tells where to get oxygen-therapy, looking out on to a painted mountain scene, and adds that *les pompiers* provide a similar service if you are asphyxiated. It tells you how to hire the Republican Guard (if you have a Minister dining with you), how to hire a poet who will recite his verses to you, how to hire a wig. It quotes a member of the Jockey Club—"The only advantage of the club is that it is the only place in the world where one can be sure one's neighbour holds his fork the same way as you do." The section on men's clothes is quietly amusing; talking of bespoke shoemakers, it points out their dilemma in

adapting their English style to the demands of Frenchmen whose heads have been turned by the Italian style. They have adapted the Italian style, it seems, "anglicising" it at the same time. And that is how those extraordinary French shoes happen.

Perhaps the most useful information for the casual visitor to Paris is where to get a haircut (expensive, but probably done with a razor) or where to get a shirt washed quickly and immaculately. Chauvinists will rejoice at the number of British names that appear in the section devoted to masculine elegance.

And so London and Paris are laid bare to the owner of these two books. *The London Man* is limited by its size, and the inclusion of the necessary and useful maps, but the content is excellent. *The Guide Julliard* has already justified itself for me by introducing me to four new restaurants, and some useful tips on how to get the Place de la Concorde lit up to order; I only wish that someone would write something equally urbane, informative and comprehensive about London. Mr. Chichester and Mr. Crawford would be the obvious choice.

Regularly, as the New Year gets into its stride, the Monte Carlo Rally comes round. This time it looks like being a real dogfight, for nearly all the big firms in the motor-making world are going to have a go and it will be the sheerest luck if any lone sportsman gets a high place in the awards list. In fact, the private owner types are becoming more and more discouraged, competing as they do against massive organizations which lay on service for their teams at inaccessible places and at any hour.

The entry list this year totals 343 and for the first time since 1912 one of the eight optional starting places will be in Russia, at Minsk. Half an hour after midnight next Friday (at 26 minutes to one on Saturday morning, to be precise) the leader of the 28 drivers who have elected to depart from there will dart away at the drop of a hammer-&-sickle flag and belt furiously south-westwards to Brest, Warsaw and Breslau, where they join the route from Gdynia, along which starters from the Polish capital have come. Meanwhile, those who chose the one and only British departure point—Glasgow—will have been pounding their way southwards and, by way of Llandrinod Wells (where the first man is due at 7.48 a.m. on Saturday) and New Milton, Hants, will be arriving on the quayside at Dover's car ferry terminal around 6 p.m. From here they will sail on British Railways' *Maid of Kent* just before mid-

# MOTORING

## BIG BATTALIONS FOR MONTE

night for Boulogne.

This year all eight of the routes join up at Rheims, and from there to the finish at Monte Carlo will be a strenuous race against the clock through the Vosges and Alps lasting for just on 24 hours, the first arrivals in the Principality being due around 10 a.m. on Tuesday next, 21 January. They will have covered anything between 2,800 and 3,000 miles, depending on the route they selected, and as always the severity of the Rally will be in direct proportion to the weather.

British entrants are, as usual, the most numerous (80 of them), and nine have plumped for Minsk as starting point—Raymond Baxter of the B.B.C. is among them, so we shall probably hear more about road and other conditions in the U.S.S.R.; he tells me he has been studying Russian. Others going from Minsk are two women drivers from Britain in an ordinary Austin Mini, Dr. Sheelagh Aldersmith and Miss Elizabeth Jones. They are both in their thirties and constitute the only privately entered all-woman crew from this country. Dr. Aldersmith comes from Littlehampton, is a medical officer to Silverstone and other motor racing circuits and also

a keen rallyist: her co-driver is from Speen, Bucks, where she breeds enormous mastiffs, but only began motor rallying last year. As this issue appears they are driving across Europe to Russia, and I am interested to know that they are convinced safety-belt users, pinning their faith to the new Britax "Auto-Lok" (and I am told they have chosen midnight blue out of the current seven-colour range). Yet another going from Minsk is Sydney Allard, one of the very few British entrants ever to win the Rally—he did so in 1952 and this time will be in a Ford Cortina G.T., with his son Alan a dozen numbers behind him in a similar car.

Fords are, indeed, making a strong bid for this year's Monte and will have a works team of four Cortina G.T.s, of which two will start from Paris and the others from Monte Carlo, while Ford of America are putting in six 285 h.p. Falcon Sprints. Mercedes-Benz have a dozen entries, Volkswagen 14 and Volvo 25, but the biggest total is that of the British Motor Corporation with 49. Meanwhile Erik Carlsson, who has won the Rally the last two years on a little 841 c.c. Saab, is lying low

and saying nothing, although this time there are a further dozen compatriots (including wife Pat Moss) backing him up on the same make.

Rallying on the international scale is big business nowadays; very different from the last time I went through the Monte, about 30 years ago, when it was a fairly comfortable drive down the main road, and I actually towed a caravan through (and was awarded a special prize for the effort). Climbing icy mountains has made every driver skid-conscious in recent years and not a few of the British entrants this time have polished up on their "anti" technique by taking the High Performance Course of the British School of Motoring, which has just been extended to a new centre at Mallory Park in the Midlands.

The original course, at Brands Hatch, is also keeping busy and has had many distinguished pupils, including Prince Michael of Kent. The skid road there was designed to simulate actual skidding conditions as frequently met with on the public highway during the winter months. It has a special surface requiring only a small supply of water and no oily or greasy material which might have an injurious effect on brake drums, and was designed by that veteran (if he will excuse the term) racing and rally driver, Tom Wisdom, in conjunction with colleagues John Griffiths and Ron Priestley, assisted by B.S.M.'s chairman, Miss Denise McCann.



*A Sunbeam Alpine on the British School of Motoring's skid road at Brands Hatch, where many rally entrants go to brush up their technique*

# Weddings and Engagements

## 1 Warde-Norbury—Jeffcock:

Josephine Anne, daughter of Major & Mrs. H. G. Warde-Norbury, of Hooton Pagnell Hall, Doncaster, was married to David Philip, son of the late Mr. Philip Jeffcock, and of Mrs. Jeffcock, of Worlingham Grove, Beccles, Suffolk, at St. Peter's, Doncaster

**2 Campbell—Highton:** Judy Ritchie, daughter of Captain C. H. Campbell, D.S.C., J.P., R.N., & Mrs. Campbell, of Byeways, Alverstoke, Hampshire, was married to Lt. Richard Andrew Highton, R.N., son of Rear-Admiral J. K. Highton, C.B., C.B.E., & Mrs. Highton, of Brumswall House, Bromeswell, Suffolk, at St. Mary's, Alverstoke

**3 Bernstiel—Hodson:** Katrin, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Erwin Bernstiel, of St. Andrew's House, St. Andrew's Major, Glamorgan, was married to Captain Michael Adderley Hodson, son of Major Sir Edmond Hodson, Bt., & Lady Hodson, of Holybrooke House, Bray, Co. Wicklow, Ireland, at St. Michael's Chester Square

## 4 Miss Carol Birts to Mr. Cyril Seymour-Newton:

She is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Ivor Birts, and of Lady Butt, of Wheathill, Sandon, Hertfordshire. He is the son of Major & Mrs. C. F. Newton, of Albert Court, Kensington Gore, S.W.7

## 5 Miss Helen Peat to Mr. Anthony Nielson:

She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Ross Peat, of Hurley House, Hurley, Berkshire. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. D. J. Nielson, of Bankside, Hawkshill Way, Esher

**6 Miss Sarah Baron to Mr. Alistair McAlpine:** She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Paul Baron, of Bryanston Court, W.1. He is the son of Sir Edwin & Lady McAlpine, of Benhams, Fawley Green, Henley-on-Thames



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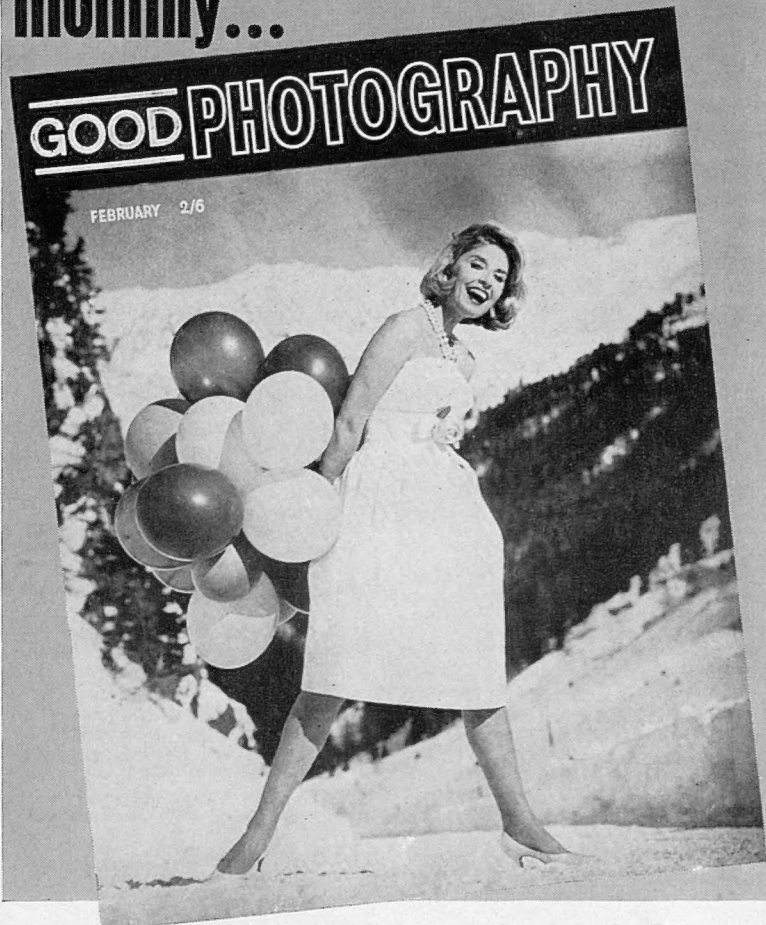
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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Sun Printers Ltd., Watford and London, and published by Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2. January 15, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

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